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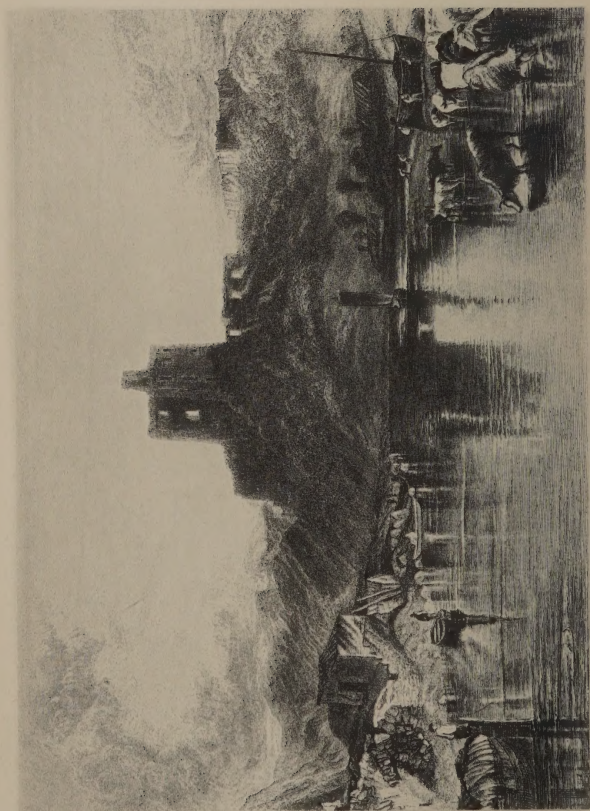
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ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME IV



ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

TURNER
LANDSEER



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1878.

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TURNER

PREFACE.

WHEN Thornbury was collecting the materials for the biography of Turner, Ruskin admonished him thus: "Fix at the beginning the following main characteristics of Turner in your mind, as the keys to the secret of all he said and did: *Uprightness, generosity, tenderness of heart (extreme), sensuality, obstinacy (extreme), irritability, infidelity*. And be sure that he knew his own power, and felt himself utterly alone in the world from its not being understood. Don't try to mask the dark side." Accordingly, and following the facts, Thornbury has shown "the head of gold united to feet of clay;" and no biographer who wishes to present a clear and correct view of the great English landscape-painter can do otherwise.

The present work is based on the last edition of Walter Thornbury's voluminous biography of J. M. W. Turner, a book which bears internal evidence that its author made diligent researches on all sides, seeking for new data about his subject. It is to be regretted that the great mass of materials thus gath-

ered is deprived of much of its natural interest by a lack of lucid arrangement and proper collating.

Elsewhere I have found valuable assistance from the works of Dafforne, Hamerton, Miller, Leslie, Redgrave, and other writers on British art. But, more than all other writers, John Ruskin has been my guide and teacher throughout this undertaking, and I have seldom ventured to question the justness of his conclusions. Great love is often blind to faults, yet even the passionate enthusiasm of Ruskin became sometimes judicial.

When you shall have finished reading this little book you may not know what to think of Turner, the man,—but do not blame the story for that, because the more closely its subject's character is studied, the more perplexing and contradictory has it ever seemed, even to those whose opportunities were the best for analyzing and comprehending it. If there is much to blame, there is also much to pity; and if sometimes even scorn is excited against the sensualist and miser, still, in the main, we must bear the highest honors due to modern art to his studio, and crown that stubborn, homely, wrong-bent, yet inwardly illuminated head with wreaths of imperishable laurel.

M. F. SWEETSER.

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TURNER.

CHAPTER I.

Turner's Advent. — His Parents. — Brentford and Margate. — Petty Earnings. — Studies. — Honest Tom Girtin. — Provincial Tours.

THE narrow defile of Maiden Lane, in the parish of Covent Garden, is a dark and squalid alley, and yet a memorable bit of historic London, for here Voltaire, Marvell, Thornton, and Archbishop Sancroft have lived and labored. And here, too, Joseph Mallord William Turner, the greatest of British landscape-painters, passed the years of his childhood. The house was on the corner of Hand Lane, a narrow and dingy edifice, with small, dark, and low square rooms and steep and winding stairs. The family usually lived in the underground kitchen, above which was the elder Turner's barber-shop, on the ground-floor, with two stories above devoted to chambers.

Turner himself said that he was born in Devonshire, April 23d, 1769, and brought to London when a little child. Miller, in his memoir of Turner (published in 1873), accepts these statements as true, saying, with great justice, that the certificate of his baptism in the Covent-Garden church, in 1775, has no reference to the date or place of his birth. But the master was confused and inaccurate in memory, and also often intentionally misstated facts, for the sake of mystifying people. On the other hand, it may be said that Turner's early works, in 1787, were much too well done to have been executed by one born in 1775, and that several years must be added to his age (as commonly stated), in order to account for such productions. But Thornbury insists that the artist was deceiving when he gave his age and birthplace as above, and maintains that he was really born on St. George's Day (April 23d), 1775, in Maiden Lane, London. This seems to have been the opinion also of the society of artists who endeavored to place a marble tablet on the building, to commemorate his birthplace.

The first positive date ascertainable in Tur-

ner's life was 1775, when he was christened in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. This was the year when the Americans fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Dr. Johnson stigmatized them as "a race of convicts;" when Burke, Sheridan, Gibbon, and Percy were active, and Thomson and Cowper were writing placid poetry, and Burns was growing to manhood. Reynolds and West were the highest lights in the firmament of art, but Wilson and Gainsborough were pressing them closely, and behind these leaders came Sandby and Hearne, and the lads Girtin and Lawrence. It was an apathetic age, with a dull King, a torpid Church, and a frivolous nobility. The field was unpromising, but it was free from competition in the line of effort for which the new-comer was destined.

Turner's father, William, was a native of Devonshire, the home-county of Reynolds, Northcote, Gandy, Prout, Wren, and so many other English artists. He came to London while young, and opened a hair-dressing shop in the Covent-Garden district, where he had a fair business in theatrical wig-making and shav-

ing. He was a garrulous person, with a nasal twang, a cheery laugh, a fresh and smiling face, blue eyes, a parrot nose, and a projecting chin. His wife was a Miss Mallord, or Marshall, of Islington, of better family than her husband's, a blue-eyed, hawk-nosed, and fierce-visaged woman, who led the poor barber a sad life by her violent temper. In later years she became insane, and was sent to an asylum. Turner never spoke of his mother, and resented any mention of her. Perhaps this conduct was due to the contumely with which the barber's son was treated in his youth, when he went to visit his mother's aristocratic relatives at Shelford Manor, in Nottinghamshire. But when he had become the foremost painter in England, the Marshalls endeavored to take him up, and were treated with withering contempt. One of them, Dr. Shaw, called at his studio, and asked if he had visited Shelford, and if his mother was born a Marshall, upon which the enraged artist burst out upon him with: "I consider, sir, that you have taken a most unwarrantable liberty with me by the manner in which you have ob-

truded yourself upon me." Shaw apologized handsomely, and then added: "I beg leave, sir, to state to you that I am independent, sir, both in spirit and pocket, and be assured that my whole and sole object in calling upon you was to connect myself with the distinguished name of Turner." The master then relented, and said: "I hope, sir, whenever you come to town, that you will give me the favor of a visit. I shall always be glad to see you." Shaw often went to the gallery, and took his friends there, but never met Turner again.

Both of his parents were undersized, as Turner himself was. He made portraits of them, but in a feeble and soon-rejected manner.

When the child was about five years old he accompanied his father to see him dress the hair of Mr. Tomkinson, a rich silversmith who speculated in drawings. While Turner *père* was frizzing his patron's hair, Turner *fils* wonderingly stared at a rampant lion engraved on a silver salver near him; and when he returned home he drew a fair copy of the heraldic beast. Henceforward the father destined his

son to be an artist; and young Joseph's rude water-color copies of Sandby's pictures were hung around the barber-shop for sale, and ticketed with their prices, one or two shillings each.

Often the child would wander away into the fields and by the Thames, above London, and make simple sketches of rural scenery and quiet villages. In his ninth year he drew a picture of Margate Church; and other rude pencilings attest his early familiarity with the shores of the royal Thames, and the vessels that floated on its bosom. Thornbury's high Anglican review of Ruskin's chapter contrasting Turner's London with Giorgione's Venice is too good to pass without quoting: "The golden city paved with emerald (dreadful bilge-water smell, by the way, always in Venice), where the deep-hearted majestic men moved in sway of power and war (terrible Tartars with *pozzi* and thumbscrews), he compares with dirty, foggy, low-spirited, peddling, cramped-up, dear old London. And yet I really think (in all humility) that Turner had not so much, after all, to lament. If he had not men with searust on their armor, he had at least freedom;

he had none of those horrid burning prisons under the leads. If he had not the ships of Lepanto, he had Nelson's men-of-war. If he had not Venetian discoverers, he had Cook and Anson ; and I verily believe he was not so badly off with poor Old England and her great glory as his birthright, after all."

When he was ten years old Joseph was sent to school at Brentford Butts, and boarded with his uncle, a butcher of Brentford, where he remained for about two years. Here he recovered his health, which had been wasted in the gloomy fogs of London, and derived constant joy from wandering in the fair meadows and among the pleasant rural groves. He made countless bad sketches of birds, trees, and flowers, and adorned the Brentford walls with chalk-scrawlings of cocks and hens. Some smattering also of the classics he here obtained, bits of Latin legends and ancient history ; howbeit his comrades, delighting in his pencilings, too often helped him through his unlearned lessons.

Then the lad was taken back to Maiden Lane, and placed under Palice, who drew

flowers; and after a year or two spent in this amusement he was sent to Margate, a beautiful marine village of Kent, where he entered Coleman's school, and, far greater boon, began to study Nature in her fairest aspects of sea and sunshine, white cliffs and chiming waves.

Joseph returned to London, after his schooling was done, and he and young Girtin, his neighbor, began to earn small sums of money by coloring engravings for John Raphael Smith, a print-seller of Maiden Lane. Turner also busied himself in painting the skies in amateurs' drawings and architects' plans, and so successfully that Porden, the builder of the Brighton Pavilion, vainly endeavored to secure him as an apprentice, without a premium. He used to work for half a crown an evening, and afterwards said: "Well! And what could be better practice?" — alluding to the facility and the skill in gradations which he thus acquired.

Turner once pointed out a mezzotint of one of Van de Velde's splendid marines, saying "Ah! that made me a painter." It is safe to say, at least, that it helped to make him a marine-painter, revealing to him a brighter and

breezier world than the dim and sooty precincts of Maiden Lane. There is a tradition that his first instruction in art was given by the itinerant colorist who painted his father's wig-blocks, and who taught him to place a small piece of carmine in the centre of the cheek, and to lose it by degrees.

The artists whose works had the most effect on young Turner were Paul Sandby, the popular illuminator of Scotland and Wales, and Hogarth's enemy; Thomas Hearne, who executed the fascinating drawings for that monumental work, "The Antiquities of Great Britain," and was one of the patriarchs of English water-color painting; and John Cozens, the son of a Russian artist, who painted many broad and sublime Swiss and Italian landscapes. The pictures of Gainsborough, Wilson, and Morland also had a formative effect on the young student; and he knew the amber lights of Marlow, the well-rigged ships of Brooking, the aerial perspectives of Barrett, and the tender distances of Pether.

In due time Joseph was sent to Tom Malton, to study perspective and to prepare him-

self for the profession of an architect. But here he failed miserably in geometry, and after repeated repulses from the science of angles and lines he was sent home, with the recommendation that his father should make a tinker or a cobbler of him. Nevertheless, he was soon placed in the office of Hardwick, the architect, where he drew many dry but firm and careful plans of churches and old houses, experimenting in water-colors, and trying to find bits of Nature in brick-and-black London. But he soon wearied of copying arches and windows, and longed for open air and green fields; and Hardwick generously advised the Maiden-Lane barber to make his son an artist instead of an architect. The lad had already copied certain of Morland's pictures in oil, and with some success.

So Joseph was sent to the Royal Academy, where he studied hard, drawing from Greek statues correctly, but timidly, without vigor or confidence, and with but little promise for the future. Ruskin attributes the meaningless classical compositions of his future life to the repression and constraint forced on him here,

where he was instructed in details of formal Greek and Palladian architecture and traditions, to the exclusion of the more natural and consistent Gothic life of the North. He was chained to the representation of academic models and exotic villas, instead of being led into the inspiring presence of English rural and marine scenery; and was taught to prefer fountains and terraces to wild cascades and heathery highlands.

A pleasant and profitable occupation soon claimed Turner's evenings, when Dr. Munro, of Adelphi Terrace, offered him half a crown and a supper for each evening's drawing. Munro was one of George III.'s mad doctors, living in an elegant and richly furnished house, on the site of one of the ancient Strand palaces; and owned many valuable pictures, among which were Salvators, Rembrandts, Snyders, Canalettis, and others of Gainsborough's, Hearne's, Cozens's, and other English masters. There were also many plethoric portfolios, containing drawings of British castles and cathedrals and Swiss and Italian scenery; with sketches by Claude and Titian and the Dutch masters;

and amid such surroundings as these Turner found matter for the deepest thought and the noblest joy. He was detailed to draw copies of some of these pictures, and, more frequently, to make original drawings of ruins, churches, country-houses, bridges, and other picturesque objects in and about London. Mr. Henderson, a wealthy amateur who lived on the Terrace near Munro's, frequently engaged the youth's services, at the same rate of compensation. But the sagacious old barber, endued with prophetic foresight, used to grumble: "*Him* making drawings for Dr. Munro for half a crown!"

In these tasks Turner was associated with "Honest Tom Girtin," a Maiden-Lane youth of his own age, who afterwards married a rich lady, and was patronized by several earls, but died before his thirtieth year. If he had lived, he would have been Turner's strongest rival, since he had a wonderful power and depth in his execution, and a frank and dashing manner, though he lacked the profound poetic spirit of his early comrade. Turner loved this generous and social man, and made many a

sketching tour in his company, while they were both engaged on topographical work. He was magnanimous enough to say: "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved;" and used to love, in later years, to pore over his friend's drawings, rich in amber light, and acknowledge his inability to do such work. He painted Girtin's portrait in oil, and deeply mourned for "poor Tom" when the news of his death at Rome reached England. Many a day had the two youths wandered along the Thames together, or floated upon its narrow tide, sketching and painting, and dreaming of the future. "We were friends to the last," he used to say, sadly: "though *they* did what they could to separate us."

While Sir Joshua Reynolds was approaching the end of his triumphant and happy life, Turner was a frequenter of his studio, where he copied several pictures, and acquired a few secrets of the art, under the approving inspection of the bland old knight. He worked in the inner room, where the rejected portraits and antique pictures were kept, in company with Northcote and other assistants.

The youth also eked out his slender income by teaching water-color drawing in schools, at from a crown to a guinea a lesson. He worked for print-sellers of a high grade, and partly illustrated the Oxford Almanac. He also made hundreds of sketches about Westminster and Lambeth, that quaint and picturesque quarter which has since been transformed from crowded and uncomfortable river-side purlieus to a region of splendor and light.

In his sixteenth year the lad made a portrait of himself, bright-eyed and curly-haired, but defective in drawing. This precious relic, disfigured by a blow of its dissatisfied author's fist, is now owned by Ruskin. There are several other early portraits of the lad by his own hand, timidly drawn, but full of historic interest.

The rugged boy was never so happy as when he was out on long sketching tours, with all his baggage in a handkerchief tied to the end of a stick, and walking at a swinging pace over the rural roads. He usually made from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, enriching his sketch-book with many quick pencilings

and notes of provincial architecture, scenery, and cloud-effects; and at night rested in the humble village inns. His first tour was in 1793, through the delightful county of Kent, when he visited Canterbury, Rochester, and Margate, and made several sketches for a forthcoming topographical book. About this time he painted his first picture in oils, a sunset at Battersea, on the Thames, which had been sketched in crayons the evening before, while the artist was so engrossed with his work that the boat got aground in the mud, and was set afloat only by severe exertions. Another account says that his first oil-painting was a view of Rochester Castle, with fishermen landing their nets, finished thinly and scumbled with semi-opaque and fluid color. His first contribution to the Royal-Academy Exhibitions was a water-color of Lambeth Palace, in 1790, and this was followed by sixty more pictures of landscapes, castles, and cathedrals, during the next ten years. In 1794 and 1795 he made elaborate drawings of Rochester, Chepstow, Birmingham, Worcester, Guildford, Cambridge, and other towns for various magazines; and during

the next year he illustrated Chester, Bristol, Peterborough, Leith, and Windsor, in the same manner. Before the year 1800 he had visited twenty-six counties of England and Wales; and between 1790 and 1796 he exhibited twenty-three highly finished drawings of cathedrals and abbey churches.

The venerable old city of Bristol was a favorite resort of Turner, and he frequently visited his father's friend, Mr. Harraway, the fishmonger, to whom he gave many of his large and immature drawings. In these early days he also made sketches of Oxford, and of Creezy Clifton, where our Allston dwelt not many years later. Most of these were done about the year 1790, when the embryo artist was a short and sturdy youth, vigorous and hardy, and fearing no hardships. It was during the same year that he sent the 'Lambeth Palace' to the Academy; and made the pictures of Eltham Palace and a villa near Uxbridge, for the next year's Exhibition. The next season he went to Malmesbury, and executed a painting of the venerable abbey there. During these excursions to the provinces Turner's expenses

were paid by the publishers, and he was as economical with their money as with his own.

Turner's first distant excursion was to the beautiful counties of North Wales, where he rambled about in the full flush of youthful vigor and hope, and drew the Devil's Bridge and Tintern Abbey. During the next few years he made several more excursions to the principality, and illustrated some of its fairest scenes. 'The Rising Squall, Hot Wells,' was one of the first of his pictures that attracted attention.

By the year 1796 the young artist had grown weary of painting in his dark and contracted bed-room, and hired a house in Hand Court, near by. In the same year he illustrated several magazine-articles, and exhibited paintings of Bath and Waltham Abbeys, Ely and Llandaff Cathedrals, and several rich views from Wales and the Isle of Wight.

In 1795 and 1796 Turner devoted most of his time to teaching drawing, at London and elsewhere, at ten shillings a lesson. In this work he was noted chiefly for amusing eccentricity, and for a certain noble impatience with amateurs and stupid pupils, since he held that

hints should be sufficient for earnest learners, and he was too reserved to care for long explanations. At last he seems to have lost his patronage in this line, being too blunt and rude-spoken to suit his fashionable pupils. The technical details of his manner of painting in water-colors are minutely set forth by Ruskin, and his modes of taking out high lights with bread, drawing with a wooden point, and working out details over the broad tints of the chief masses. Color crept into Turner's monochrome drawings but slowly and timidly, a bit in each sheet of blue and gray, yet growing broader from year to year, until some of his later pictures appear livid splashes of intense flame, furnace and sunset and chaos. But in his earlier works it was barely admitted in minute fragments, a bright costume in a world of gray, a sparkling mountain-brook, or a rosy edge on a dun cloud.

Turner was greater in water-colors than in oils, and his influence on the growing school of painters in water-colors was powerful and beneficial. Redgrave says that "the art all but began with him;" and that his water-color paintings "epitomize the whole mystery of land-

scape art." At first he followed the manners of Cozens and Girtin, but little by little he pushed on into untrodden fields, and boldly amplified the range of this department of art. His water-color picture of Tivoli brought the amazing price of 1,800 guineas, and other examples of his rare manipulative skill were almost as valuable. Turner's subsequent work in oils was strongly influenced by his early practice in water-colors, and resulted in the general introduction of a lighter and brighter scale of painting.

His early sea-pieces were in the manner of Van de Velde, who for twenty years kept him "from seeing that the sea was wet, as Poussin kept him for twenty years from seeing that the Alps were rosy, and that grass was green." But in time (as Ruskin goes on to say), "from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Van de Velde nor Poussin could have told him ; until at last, continually finding these sayings of the hills and waves on the whole the soundest kind of sayings, he came to listen to no others."

CHAPTER II.

Yorkshire and Freedom. — Fawkes and Farnley. — The Great Disappointment. — Topographical Works. — The *Liber Studiorum*.

“AT last Fortune wills that the lad’s true life shall begin, and one summer’s evening he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time the silence of Nature around him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last, freedom at last, and loveliness at last: it is here, then, among the deserted vales — not among men; those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces — that multitudinous marred humanity — are not the only things which God has made.”

Yorkshire and Kent were Turner’s favorite counties, and the first was especially dear to him, since he had found there his best patrons and his first successes, as well as some of his earliest and freshest introductions to a beautiful Nature. His first journey thither was in

1797, and in the ensuing year he exhibited pictures of Fountains and Kirkstall Abbeys, as well as the noble 'Morning amongst the Coniston Fells,' and other border-scenes, Buttermere Lake, Holy-Island Cathedral, and Dunstanborough Castle. The peaceful dells by the chanting waves of the Wharfe and the Greta were for him the sweetest spots in the wide world, and he could never revisit them without tears, nor even speak their names save in a tremulous voice. The peculiar natural architecture of the Yorkshire rocks and slopes formed a type in his mind to which he made even Alps and Appenines conform, rejecting their own proud sublimity wherever it appeared to differ from the round-topped hills and mid-slope cliffs of the beloved county. For this mannerism, enforced by affectionate memories, Ruskin reproves him, and says that "Turner literally humbled the grand Swiss mountains to make them resemble the Yorkshire scaurs." No grandeur of alien scenery could ever lead his heart away from the familiar charms of early associations, although his imagination longed for wider horizons and measureless

vistas of Alps and valleys. Thus there was a continual conflict between the past and the future, enforcing frequent compromises, more flattering to the artist's sensibility than favorable to his work.

The Yorkshire pictures are quiet, simple, and solemn, full of harmony, colorless light, and high finish. They show the broad swells of the downs, from which the artist afterwards drew his predominant massiveness in mountain-drawing ; and "the most affectionate, simple, unwearied, serious finishing of truth." It was from the ruined abbeys of Yorkshire that he gathered many of the illustrations for the *Liber Studiorum*.

Mr. Hawkesworth Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, was one of Turner's dearest friends in Yorkshire, and his house was adorned with £10,000 worth of the master's pictures. Some parts of the Hall were designed by the artist himself. Mr. Fawkes's son speaks of "the fun, frolic, and shooting we enjoyed together, and which, whatever may be said by others of his temper and disposition, have proved to me that he was, in his hours of distraction from his professional

labors, as kindly-hearted a man and as capable of enjoyment and fun of all kinds as any I ever knew." Farnley was a stately old Carolan hall, near Lord Harewood's estates, above the beautiful Wharfe River, and looking out on the long lines of the Yorkshire hills. During his frequent visits to this mansion the master was "as merry and playful as a child," and took great delight in fishing and in grouse-shooting on the moors. Once his capricious fancy urged him to drive a hunting-party homeward over the fields, and when the vehicle was upset in a ditch, he acquired the nickname of "Over-Turner," by which he was long known. Fawkes made a much-resembling caricature of his quaint guest, with his hooked nose, small hands and feet, ill-cut brown coat, striped waistcoat, and enormous frilled shirt. The Farnley portfolios contain many of Turner's sketches of the Hall and its vicinity, Swiss scenes, English coast-views, illustrations of the Civil War, and beautiful drawings of birds. Here, also, is the series of fifty-three gorgeous drawings of the Rhineland, which were done at the rate of three a day, yet are marvelous specimens of skill and

genius. On his return Turner landed at Hull and went straight to Farnley, where he took out this great roll of sketches from his overcoat pocket, and offered them to Fawkes for £500. The generous squire closed with the proposal, and became possessed of one of the master's noblest works, full of tender poetry, pure harmony, and satisfying completeness. For twenty-four years, until the artist's death, a goose-pie was sent annually from Farnley to Turner's home.

When Mr. Fawkes visited London, he used to spend many hours in Turner's gallery, but was never shown the painting-room. Once he invited the artist to a dinner at a hotel, where he took too much wine, and reeled about jovially, exclaiming: "Hawkey, I am the real lion — I am the great lion of the day, Hawkey." He never visited Farnley after Fawkes died, so great was his grief and so sensitive his spirit; and when the younger Fawkes once brought the Rhine drawings up to London for him to see again, he passed his hand over the gray and mournful 'Lorelei Twilight,' saying, with great tears in his eyes: "But Hawkey! But Hawkey!"

Another of the warmest friends of Turner's earlier years was Mr. Wells, the artist, of Ad-discombe, at whose house the young man spent three or four evenings a week, sketching by the argand lamp, with the family gathered around the table. When Wells died, the weeping artist said to his daughter: "O Clara, Clara! these are iron tears. I have lost the best friend I ever had in my life." The children of the family used to enjoy rare frolics with the grim Academician, who would lie down on the floor and let them play all manner of pranks with him; and their eldest sister says: "Of all the light-hearted, merry creatures I ever knew, Turner was the most so." He was always fond of children and they readily came to him.

About the year 1797 an event occurred which warped Turner's life, and changed the bright and hopeful youth into a crabbed and miserly recluse. While at the Margate school he had fallen in love, in a childish fashion, with the sister of one of his schoolmates; and a few years after she accepted him as her prospective husband. Somewhat later he departed on a

long tour, leaving with her his own portrait, and promising to marry her on his return. He was absent for two years, but the lady heard never a word from him; and at last, wearied by the hectoring of a cruel step-mother, she consented to marry another suitor, believing that her first love had forgotten her. Within a week of the wedding-day, Turner appeared at Margate, and plead passionately that she would return to him, and be his bride. But she considered that he had trifled with and neglected her too long, and mournfully went on in the arranged course, refusing to hear his protestations and explanations. After the marriage — which proved to be a most unhappy one — was consummated, it was found out that the step-mother had intercepted and destroyed all Turner's letters, and those of her daughter. The artist hardly recovered from this wicked injury, but relapsed into a life of self-concentration and narrow money-getting, abandoning all hope of domestic joys, and allowing the inherited thriftiness of his ancestors to degenerate into niggardliness. Perhaps the cares and pleasures of a family-life would have

gone far towards redeeming him from his subsequent narrowness.

In the year 1797 Turner went as far north as the Merse of Tweed, and drew Norham Castle for the next year's Exhibition. Twenty years later, when he was passing Norham with Cadell, the Edinburgh publisher, he took off his hat and made a low bow to the castle. "What the Devil are you about now?" cried the amazed Cadell. To whom he made answer: "Oh, I made a drawing or painting of Norham several years ago. It took; and from that day to this have had as much to do as my hands could execute." This picture also appeared in the *Liber Studiorum*, and in the illustrations to "Marmion." In this tour the young artist visited the Cumberland lake-country, of which he brought back several beautiful reminiscences. During the same year Turner sketched in Lincolnshire and Herefordshire for the "Itinerant." The fruits of these excursions appeared in the next Exhibition, illustrated with verses from Thomson's "Seasons."

In 1798 Turner probably visited Wales once

more, and made the sketches for his diploma picture, 'Dolbadern Castle.' He also executed drawings of Sheffield and Wakefield for the "Itinerant;" and made pictures for the next Exhibition, of Harlech Castle, Warkworth Castle, Caernarvon, Kilgerran Castle, Salisbury Cathedral, the Battle of the Nile, and three figure-groups, his first works in the way of subject-pictures. In 1799 he went to Wiltshire, and drew Fonthill and other places, and also furnished seven engravings of ruins and scenery for Whitaker's "Parish of Whalley." Two views of Dunster Castle attest his presence in Somersetshire also. During the next twelve years he contributed numerous drawings for the illustrations in the "Oxford Almanac" and the "Britannia Depicta." Occasionally he ventured on single plates, engraved from his drawings, and his success in these departments enhanced the value of his paintings.

In the year 1800 Turner became an Associate of the Royal Academy; and he marked his sense of bettering fortunes by moving to a more commodious house, at 64 Harley Street.

During the same year he exhibited pictures of Caernarvon Castle and 'The Fifth Plague of Egypt' (the first of his thirteen religious pictures), and five views of the new palace which was being built at Fonthill for the eccentric recluse and millionaire, William Beckford. He spent much time at Fonthill, in Wiltshire, enjoying Beckford's hospitality, and making broad and mellow drawings, in Girtin's manner.

By this time wigs had gone out of vogue, and the elder Turner abandoned his business, and went to dwell with his son. The brisk and loquacious old barber lived on the best terms with his boy, and occupied his time by showing the picture-gallery to visitors, and by looking after the frugal meals of the household.

The only portrait for which Turner ever sat was painted by George Dance, in 1800, and shows a handsome young man, with a full but receding forehead, arched eyebrows, a prominent nose, a massive chin, and a sensual mouth. His thick and wiry hair is tied behind, and he wears a coat with an immense cape.

In 1801 Turner exhibited views of St. Do-

nat's Castle and Pembroke Castle, in Wales, the Salisbury Chapter-house, an autumn morning in London, the destruction of the army of the Medes, and Dutch fishing-boats in a gale. The latter was painted in rivalry of Van de Velde, as certain later pictures were competitions with Cuyp, Claude, and Poussin. In the previous year he had begun his hot contest with Claude, in his own classic ground, by painting *Æneas* and the Sibyl at Lake Aver-nus. He executed thirty-six other mythological pictures, depending for his themes on translations of the Greek and Latin poets, and Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. Another highly imaginative work of this time delineates the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece.

The master was elected Royal Academician in 1802, and signalized this promotion by exhibiting his first notable oil-paintings, 'Kil-chern Castle and the Cruchan-Ben Mountains,' 'Ships bearing up for Anchorage,' and 'Fishermen on a Stormy Lee-Shore.' Other noble works then exhibited were *Edinburgh from Leith Water*, *Ben Lomond*, the Falls of the Clyde, Jason, and 'The Tenth Plague of Egypt.'

Previous to this date, he had signed his pictures "W. Turner," but thenceforth he used all his initials.

The Academy had been quick to recognize Turner's genius, and he was always very faithful to its interests, conservative in his advice, and zealous for its independence. As an auditor, a councilor, or a visitor, he discharged his duties with scrupulous care, attending all the general meetings and formal dinners, and sending pictures to the Exhibitions for forty-five years. He was a peace-maker in the debates, and frequently allayed rising storms among the Academicians by gentle words. In business details he seemed irresolute, and was but little relied on; though in the matter of the resignation of the treasurer, Sir Robert Smirke, he acted promptly, with the result of retaining that valuable official for many years after. When Maclise told him that Haydon, the bitter enemy of the Academy, was dead, he exclaimed: "He stabbed his mother; he stabbed his mother." "Good Heavens!" cried the excited Maclise; "you don't mean to say that Haydon ever committed a crime so hor-

rible?" In a deep and solemn voice, Turner growled out again: "He stabbed his mother; he stabbed his mother." Afterwards Maclise learned that this charge alluded to Haydon's attacks on the Academy that had educated him. Yet Haydon had been compelled to acknowledge that throughout his war with the Academy "Turner behaved well, and did me justice."

In 1802 Turner made his first tour on the Continent, traveling a part of the way with Bright, the artist, some of whose pictures he bought. Mont Blanc and Grenoble were his favorite resting places, and he made special studies of glaciers and fallen trees, Swiss lakes and mountains of Savoy. Some time was spent in and around Aosta, in one of the remote North-Italian valleys; and several sketches also attest his careful studies about Calais.

One of Thornbury's most interesting chapters is that wherein he describes the early sketch-books of Turner, in which all manner of drawings and outlines of nature and architecture alternate with scraps from guide-books, notes of local gossip, chemical memoranda,

diagrams of boats, travelers' prescriptions, and comments on continental architecture. Here and there appears a stanza of incoherent rhyme, or a vague and incomprehensible rhetorical outburst, with notes of expenses and jottings of tavern-bills. The sketches include the British coasts and cities, ruins and castles, manufacturing works and detached figures. A whole book is given to views about Coutances; another illuminates the great Simplon Pass, and its approaches; another is devoted to Antibes, Nice, and Genoa; another shows countless pencil-jottings from the Vatican galleries; Rouen and Paris afford the themes for still another, and several are consecrated to Scotland.

The Exhibition of 1803 contained the rich and joyful idyl of 'The Vintage at Macon,' a direct challenge to Claude; a daring and uninteresting 'Holy Family;' the celebrated 'Calais Pier,' with the English packet arriving and French fishermen putting off, in a ruffling black gale; 'The Source of the Arveiron;' and three scenes in Savoy. The next year he exhibited 'Narcissus and Echo,' a Dutch naval scene, and a charming view of Edinburgh, from the

Calton Hill. In 1805 he painted 'The Destruction of Sodom,' an uncongenial theme; the quiet and reposeful 'Fishing Boats,' and the wonderfully successful 'Shipwreck.' The next year witnessed his work on 'The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides,' which Tom Taylor calls "the best classical picture of the English school;" and he exhibited the 'Pembroke Castle' and 'The Falls of Schaffhausen,' the latter of which he always greatly admired.

When the fleet which won the battle of Trafalgar returned to England, in 1805, Turner went down to Portsmouth to see the gallant ships come in. Here he first saw the grand old *Téméraire*, whose last helpless voyage was to be so nobly portrayed by his pencil, nearly forty years later.

Claude Lorraine had prepared the *Liber Veritatis*, and his great modern rival competed with him therein with the *Liber Studio-rum*, which far surpassed the Italian *Liber*, as well it might, since the latter was intended only for a memorandum of finished paintings. Turner began his work in 1806, when out of

employment, and at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Wells, intending to publish a hundred plates. It was issued in dark-blue covers, each containing five plates. Not proving remunerative, it was brought to an end in 1816, after seventy plates had been made. In later days £3,000 has been paid for a single copy of the *Liber*. The master had endless difficulties with his engravers, of whom he exacted more than mortal men could bear, involving himself and them in serious troubles. The proofs were altered, amended, reversed in effect, and otherwise continually worked over, retouched, and almost dishonestly revamped.

The *Liber Studiorum* was intended to manifest Turner's command of the whole compass of landscape art, and was divided into six heads: Historical, Pastoral, Elegant Pastoral, Mountain, Marine, and Architectural. The first group contained pictures of Æsacus and Hesperia, Jason, Procris and Cephalus, a view from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," the Fifth and Tenth Plagues of Egypt, Christ and the Woman of Samaria, and Rizpah. The Elegant Pastoral is represented by views of Raglan Castle, Chepstow,

the River Wye, the Falls of Clyde, Isis, and others of similar character. The Pastoral includes several rustic groups and farm-scenes, with Norham Castle, Solway Moss, and two themes from Winchelsea. The Marine phase is set forth by bits from Calais, Inverary, and the Yorkshire Coast; and the Mountains are nobly outlined by the Mer de Glace, the Lake of Thun, the St. Gothard Pass, Savoy scenes, the Alps from Grenoble, and the Scottish Highlands. The Architectural studies show Dunblane, Rivaulx, and Holy Island Abbeys, Dunstanborough Castle, Morpeth, London from Greenwich, and the Swiss towns of Thun, Basle, and Lauffenbourg. Most of the *Liber* studies are from British themes, obscure and simple, and the foreign pictures are the least successful part of the work.

The subscription price of the *Liber Studiorum* was £17 10s., and even before Turner died a copy of it was worth over 30 guineas. So hopeless and worthless did the enterprise seem, at one time, that Charles Turner, the engraver, used the proofs and trials of effect as kindling paper. Many years later, Colnaghi,

the great print-dealer, caused him to hunt up the remaining proofs in his possession, and gave him £1,500 for them. "Good God!" cried the old engraver; "I have been burning bank-notes all my life."

Many of the plates were etched, and some of them were engraved in mezzotint by their great designer. The foremost of the other engravers were Charles Turner and Thomas Lupton, whose work was executed with rare skill, howbeit with so much delicacy that the plates deteriorated badly after a score of impressions had been made.

In 1871 the Burlington Fine Arts Club held an exhibition, in London, of choice and unique impressions of the *Liber*, illustrated by an historical catalogue; and the next year a new autotype edition of the work, in three volumes, was published. Mr. Wedmore's recent "Studies in English Art" contains an interesting chapter on the *Liber Studiorum* and its engravers. In 1878 Professor Norton, of Harvard University, published a set of thirty-three of the best of the *Liber* studies, reproduced in Boston by the heliotype process

CHAPTER III.

The Professorship. — Turner's House. — The Devonshire Journey. —
The Home at Twickenham. — Friends. — Engravings. — The Car-
thage Pictures.

IN 1808 Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy. He was master of his subject, but frequently became sadly confused while delivering lectures, on account of his slowness in words. It was probably like his part in the debates of the Academy, of which Roberts says: "Such was the peculiar habit of his thoughts, or of his expressing them (the same *aerial perspective* that pervades most of his works pervaded his speeches) that when he had concluded and sat down it would often have puzzled his best friend to decide which side he had taken." He spoke in a deep and mumbling voice, becoming frequently hopelessly entangled, and was confused and tedious in his manner, though some people

fancied that his blind mazes of obscure words overlaid noble ideas, even as his hazy atmospheres in painting half concealed beautiful objects. Chantrey said that Wilkie and Turner had great thoughts, if they could express them ; and the audience was usually quiet and attentive while the poor professor was at his stammering and mumbling.

His favorite handbook was "Hamilton's Perspective," whose problems he spent many days in studying, although that about the domes he never could solve. During two or three only of the thirty years which he held the professorship, did he deliver lectures, and oftentimes the students were sent away in disappointment because he failed to come. Sometimes he wrote out parts of the addresses, but even then he was unable to decipher his notes. Once he mounted the rostrum to deliver a lecture, and, after fumbling vainly in all his pockets, exclaimed in consternation: "Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach."

Ruskin says : "The zealous care with which Turner endeavored to do his duty is proved by a large existing series of drawings, ex-

quisitely tinted, and often completely colored, all by his own hand, of the most difficult perspective subjects, — illustrating not only directions of line, but effects of light, — with a care and completion which would put the work of any ordinary teacher to utter shame. In teaching generally — he would neither waste time nor spare it — he would look over a student's drawing at the Academy, point to a defective part, make a scratch on the paper at the side, say nothing. If the student saw what was wanted, and did it, Turner was delighted ; but if the student could not follow, Turner left him."

In the year 1808 Turner moved to the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, though still retaining the house in Harley Street. The garden of the new place ran down to the Thames, and had a summer-house at the end in which the artist painted some of his best works, proclaiming that lights and room were unnecessary to the execution of a good picture. During the same year he made a visit to Tabley Park, in Cheshire, whose proprietor, afterwards Lord de Tabley, was one of his earliest friends

and patrons ; and made two paintings of the mansion, which were exhibited the next year, together with a view of Spithead. About this time, also, he executed several *genre* pictures, in rivalry with Wilkie, including 'The Blacksmith Shop,' 'The Dentist reproving his Son's Prodigality,' and 'The Garreteer's Petition.' He also made two great pictures of the battle of Trafalgar, which naval men condemned strongly, Sir Thomas Hardy saying that one of them was "more like a street-scene than a battle, and the ships more like houses than men-of-war," while an old Greenwich pensioner growled : "I can't make English of it, sir ; I can't make English of it. It wants altering altogether." "What a Trafalgar !" cried another : "It looks a d—d deal more like a brick-field."

It is supposed that Turner's removal to Hammersmith Mall was brought about by his desire to be near the venerable Academician, De Louthembourg, the Alsatian, whose daring storm and fire scenes he wished to study and comprehend. This artist was the maker of the great panorama called the Eidophusikon, which Gainsborough and Reynolds admired so greatly ;

but he had now entered his dotage, and was half-insane. Nevertheless, his wife suspected that Turner was endeavoring to secure his art-secrets, and finally refused the younger artist entrance to the house.

The views of Lowther Castle and Petworth were exhibited in 1810, the same year in which the grand gray 'Wreck of the Minotaur' was painted, under the influence of Van de Velde; and the placid evening view of Abingdon, in Berkshire. The next year saw the completion of 'Apollo killing the Python,' 'Chryses,' and 'Mercury and Hersé;' with views of Scarborough, Whalley Abbey, Windsor Park, and Somer Hill.

In the year 1812 Turner first occupied the house wherein he lived for nearly forty years, until his death. It was No. 47 Queen Anne Street, in that dull and decorous district extending north and west from Cavendish Square; and was notable as the dullest and dingiest house in that quarter. Unpainted, weather-stained, sooty, with unwashed windows and shaky doors, it seemed a haunted house, the very abode of poverty and negligence. Until

1830 its guardian was the wizened little barber, William Turner, and he was succeeded by a withered and sluttish old woman, Mrs. Danby. The reception-room was a dark and cheerless apartment, scantily furnished, buried under dust and cobwebs, and peopled by tailless cats. The entrance-hall contained a few commonplace casts and a picture by Reynolds, and the dining-room was adorned with a smoky little landscape by Wilson, and another by Tassi, Claude's master. Back of this room was another large and dreary one, filled with unfinished pictures; then another room; and farther out a back room, littered with more unfinished works, ruined by dampness, and pictures which had justly been condemned by the critics and the people. Trimmer says of the bedroom: "It is surprising how a person of his means could have lived in such a room; certainly he prized modern luxuries at a very modest rate."

The gallery was on the first floor, and latterly grew sadly dilapidated, with ragged gray drugget on the floor, and the walls hung with red cloth which had been used at Westminster

Abbey when Victoria was crowned. The oiled paper of the skylight hung down in sooty furred strips, and the rain came in upon the pictures. Sometimes the room had a fire, but as often was filled with an icy dampness, causing great damage to some of the pictures, which were piled up along the walls, rolled away in closets, and heaped upon the floor. Thirty thousand fine proofs of engravings were also left here to rot, and to make beds for the seven Manx cats. Turner often overheard the comments of visitors here, and challenged them indignantly. One of his favorite pictures was the 'Bligh Shore,' which was used as a covering for the window where the favorite cat used to enter, and the angry feline resented its intrusion by giving it a severe clawing. "Never mind," said Turner, protecting the delinquent from punishment.

The studio, which the master called his drawing-room, and rarely allowed any one to enter, had a fair north light, from two windows, and was surrounded by water-color drawings, and various depositories of colors. In a venerable second-hand buffet he kept his fa-

mous sherry-bottle, concerning which such absurd stories were told. The area of this remarkable old house was the general rendezvous of all the cats of the neighborhood. The ancient dame who dwelt in the dingy domicile was characterized as "something more than house-keeper, and less than wife."

Turner's chief visit to Devonshire was made in 1812, and he brought back great numbers of hasty sketches on small sheets of mill-board, — the merest short-hand of the resulting pictures. Cyrus Redding's autobiography shows the frank, vigorous, and democratic artist on several excursions, and in all his moods. Once a party of gentlemen sailed out to Bur Island, in Bibury Bay, in an undecked Dutch boat, to eat boiled lobsters, and met with terrible weather, imperiling their lives; yet the artist sat unmoved through the storm, watching the varying phenomena and making memoranda. Soon afterwards he gave a picnic at Mount Edgcumbe (a delightful spot to him), which was well supplied with wines and dainties, and enlivened by the blunt epigrams of the donor of the feast. The people of Plymouth paid

him great attentions, and freely held their equipages at his service; and he said that he had never seen so many natural beauties in so limited an extent of territory as he found in the vicinity of Plymouth.

He was also a welcome guest of the Earl of Morley, at Saltram, where Madame Catalini, the eminent prima donna, was then sojourning. The pictures by the old masters in this mansion failed to excite his interest; but the grand views from the hills in the park and along the Plym put his pencil into full activity. He also visited Trematon Castle, and drew parts of Plymouth Sound; and roughed it at an inn near the Wear Head of the Tamar, eating and drinking with Collier, and keeping up a flow of lively conversation until midnight, when the two stretched themselves on chairs, and went to sleep. At early morning he was at the riverside, sketching the bridge. During the Devonshire journey, at least, Turner showed none of the parsimony which is alleged against him, but was free, and even lavish, in his expenditures.

Turner and Redding visited Cothele and the Tamar River, where the former was filled with

delight at the beauty of the scenery, and sketched many fair prospects. Charles L. Eastlake, Plymouth-born, was his companion in several sketching tours along the Tamar, beyond Calstock, and around Plymouth, where he remained for several weeks; and has left an interesting description of his customs at that time. One day when Turner was sailing by Ince Castle, he told Redding that he was born at Barnstable, in Devonshire, an assertion which has given no little trouble to his biographers.

Turner's paintings in the Exhibition of 1812 were 'St. Michael's Castle,' in Savoy, two views of Oxford, and 'Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps in a Snow-storm.' The last-named was suggested by a Yorkshire thunder-storm, which Turner witnessed from the hospitable shelter of Farnley Hall, and was accompanied by a dozen grand lines from "The Fallacies of Hope." He had drawn notes of the storm on the back of an old letter, while entranced with its sublimity, and then said to his host: "There! Hawkey: in two years you will see this again, and call it 'Hannibal crossing the Alps.'"

Our own Allston was in London when the

'Hannibal' was first exhibited, and called it wonderfully fine, expressing his belief that Turner was "the greatest painter since the days of Claude."

In 1813 or 1814 the master bought and rebuilt a house at Twickenham, which he named Solus Lodge, to indicate his wish to be alone, and afterwards changed to Sandycomb Lodge. It is supposed that he was influenced, in choosing this place, by a wish to be sequestered from the disturbing influences of London, and to be near the Thames and his school-boy home at Brentford, and the old house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Chantrey also lived near by, and often went fishing with Turner, to whom it is supposed that he presented the sculpture of 'St. Paul at Iconium,' which still adorns the chimney-piece at the Lodge. At this house the master once gave a tea-party to Mulready and other Academicians, and feasted Pye, his engraver, on porter and cheese. In the jungle-like garden he grew the aquatic plants which he copied in so many foregrounds; and the blackbirds in the adjacent trees were so efficiently protected by him that he won the title of "Blackbirdy" from the

often foiled bird's-nesting boys. Beyond the thicket of willows near the end of the garden was an artificial pond, covered with water-lilies, into which he put many of the fish that he caught.

The rooms in the Lodge were small, and contained several models of rigged ships, which he used in his marine views. The dinner-table was covered with a rude cloth, and furnished with two-tined forks and cheap ware, in the simple manner which he had learned at Maiden Lane, and never departed from.

He had a boat at Richmond, in which he used to go out sketching, and also fishing, in which sport he was an adept, especially in fly-fishing. Another equipage was a gig, in which he drove an old crop-eared bay horse, and made long sketching excursions to Staines, Runnymede, and other places, frequently taking companions. This venerable steed was painted in several pictures, indifferently well. The Rev. Mr. Trimmer, rector of the neighboring church of Heston and a great lover of art, was very intimate with the artist, and frequently made journeys with him, while Turner often visited

at the rectory and held weighty arguments with Henry Howard, R. A., a mutual friend. He deeply regretted his ignorance of Latin when beginning his Virgilian pictures, and the rector tried to teach him the language in return for painting lessons, but he floundered terribly among the verbs, and could not get on.

Trimmer was a skillful amateur painter, and his friend used one of his sketches in the *Liber Studiorum*, and admired his treatment of sea-fog in pictures. When Turner was visiting at the rectory he always behaved with great propriety, and regularly attended church. The pastor's sons remember him as an ugly, slovenly old man, with rather a pig-like face; in fact, somewhat of "a guy;" and describe how he made them laugh, and how pleasant and social he was.

Before he departed for the North, in 1815, the master wrote a curious letter to Trimmer, alluding to his affection for one of the rector's kinswomen, and timidly suggesting that the lady should help him out in asking the momentous question: "If Miss —— would but waive bashfulness, or, in other words, make an offer instead

of expecting one, the same [Sandycomb Lodge] might change occupiers." But some untoward event—a suitor less shy, or other cause to us unknown—intervened. and Turner was once more disappointed in love, and never made another attempt.

While living at Twickenham Turner became acquainted with Louis Philippe, of France, who was then staying in the vicinity, an exile from his native land. Some years later, the artist was wandering along the Norman coast, with no baggage but a sketch-book and a change of linen, in search of storms and shipwrecks. At Eu he took lodgings at a fisherman's hut, while his shoes were being mended, and Louis Philippe, then King of France, and temporarily sojourning at the Château d'Eu, having heard of his arrival, sent a court-officer to invite him to dinner. His apologies and excuses were overruled, and the fisherman's wife cut up some of her linen to make him a white tie, after which the artist went up to the Château, where he passed one of the pleasantest of evenings with the King.

In the year 1814 Turner was one of the lead-

ers in the formation of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, whose members were seceders from the Artists' Joint Stock Fund, an earlier society. There was a continual contest in the Institution between the men who wished to fund its income for future benevolences and those who preferred to devote them to present and immediate charities. Turner was the head of the more cautious party, and after some years he left the society in disgust.

The 'Frosty Morning: Sunrise' was a crisp and sparkling work exhibited in 1813, together with a shadowy picture of 'The Deluge,' illustrated by a quotation from Milton. The Claudesque 'Dido and Æneas,' one of his twenty dreamy and fanciful Carthaginian pictures, was exhibited the next year, with the ultra-classical 'Apuleia in Search of Apuleius,' which he gravely referred to Ovid, although that poet makes no mention of the incident.

In 1814 Turner began to contribute drawings to be engraved in Cooke's "Southern Coast," and continued this congenial and fame-winning labor for twelve years, during which time he made forty admirable drawings, which were pub-

lished in quarto. These productions represented nearly all the ports and picturesque localities in the southern counties of England; those famous places whose very names — Ilfracombe, Tintagel, Clovelly, Pendennis — have such a sweet music of reminiscence. Afterwards Turner had serious disagreements with Cooke, in which our sympathy sometimes rests with the publisher, who was sadly bullied by his opponent, whose inflexible will would not yield to persuasion nor argument. Once the two men had a bitter quarrel at a *conversazione* in Freemasons' Hall, and called each other harsh names. Again, one Sunday, when Munro and Turner were holding a pleasant interview, Cooke came in and hectored the latter about some unfinished drawings; and when he had departed the tears welled out of the artist's eyes, as he said, "No holidays ever for me."

This work of book-illustrating was the source of Turner's chief emolument, and of almost all his fame, until Ruskin began to write him into public favor. He usually received twenty guineas or more for each drawing thus used, and the drawings were returned to him, and resold, in many cases.

The 'Crossing the Brook' and the 'Dido building Carthage' were two masterpieces exhibited in 1815,—the former a coldly-colored but vastly expanded composition, showing the Tamar River, towards Plymouth, the Cothele woods, and the estuary of Hamoaze. A gentleman ordered this work for £500, but was dissatisfied and would not take it. Turner afterwards refused £1,600 for it. The 'Carthage' shows a scene in the rise of a maritime empire which the master always considered as typical of England, and is a brilliant and alluring dream of color, inaccurate in topography and architecture, but full of Claudesque sunshine and poetry. Other pictures of this rich year were 'Bligh Sand,' 'The Battle of Fort Rock, Piedmont,' 'The Eruption of the Souffrier Mountains,' and three large Swiss views, the St. Gothard Pass, Lake Lucerne, and the Riechenbach Fall.

'The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire,' the only picture exhibited in 1817, was a companion to 'The Rise of the Carthaginian Empire.' For these two paintings the most extravagant prices were offered; but the artist had

secretly bequeathed them by will to the nation, and proved his unselfishness by refusing all bids, even such as would give them to the same destination, and enrich him besides. 'The Decline' was painted for £100, for a gentleman who declined to take it when the newspapers made violent attacks upon it. Several public men subscribed £5,000 to buy the two pictures for the National Gallery; but, though the artist shed tears of joy at the honor thus proposed, he refused to sell, and said: "Make my compliments to the memorialists, and tell them 'Carthage' may one day become the property of the nation." Afterwards a merchant, who had already bought £10,000 worth of pictures of him, offered £5,000 more for the pick of three pictures in his gallery, and finally urged him to give two pictures for that sum. Half willing, the master asked which would be his choice; and when he began with 'Carthage,' he answered: "No. It's a noble offer; but I have willed it." And while thus denying himself a fortune, for his patriotism, Turner was rigorous in extorting the last farthing in transactions about his own affairs. It was currently believed that he had declared his

intention of being buried in the 'Carthage.' "Will you promise to see me rolled up in it?" said he to Chantrey. "Yes," answered the sculptor; "and I promise you also that, as soon as you are buried, I will see you taken up and unrolled." When Dean Milman heard that he was to be interred in St. Paul's, he said: "I will not read the service over him, if he is wrapped up in that picture."

CHAPTER IV.

Art-Periods. — Ruskin. — Scotland. — Italy. — ‘Baia.’ — ‘Cologne —
‘Polyphemus.’ — Life at Rome. — Rogers’s Poems. — Versatility.

RUSKIN divides Turner’s art-life into three periods: that of study and imitation, between 1800 and 1820; that of working out art-theories toward an ideal, from 1820 to 1835; and that of recording his own simple and loving impressions of Nature, from 1835 to 1845. The first group of works were gray or brown, careful in form, heavy in touch, and unskillful in color; the second were brilliant, refined and delicate, and full of splendor and gladness; the third manifested quiet repose, imaginative delight, and pathos. These three manners were preceded by the period of development, from 1790 to 1800, and followed by the period of decline, from 1845 to 1850. The iron diligence of the master is illustrated by the number of his pictures, of which no fewer than 275 were exhibited at the Academy

and the Institute, besides many others painted on private commissions.

In scores of eloquent passages Ruskin demonstrates his belief in Turner's profound knowledge of nature, and his marvelous power in observing and faultlessly recording obscure phenomena. He says : "The master mind of Turner, without effort, showers its knowledge into every touch, and we have only to trace out even his slightest passages, part by part, to find in them the universal working of the deepest thoughts, that consistency of every minor truth which admits of and invites the same ceaseless study as the work of Nature herself. . . . Perhaps the truth of this system of drawing is better to be understood by observing the distant character of rich architecture than of any other object. Go to the top of Highgate Hill, on a clear summer morning at five o'clock, and look at Westminster Abbey ; you will receive an impression of a building enriched with multitudinous vertical lines. Try to distinguish one of these lines all the way down from the one next to it ; you cannot. Try to count them ; you cannot. Try to make out the beginning or end of any one of them ; you can-

not. Look at it generally, and it is all symmetry and arrangement ; look at it in its parts, and it is all inextricable confusion. Am I not at this moment describing a piece of Turner's drawing with the same words by which I describe Nature ? ”

But Hamerton, a more impartial critic, says that “of all the accomplished artists of his time Turner was, I quite believe, the most inaccurate ;” and, what is more serious, goes on very faithfully to prove it. Architects are almost unanimously of the opinion that Turner's Venetian buildings are every one clumsy, heavy, and without likeness, although rich in poetic charm and fascination.

Of Turner's trees, Ruskin says : “These two characters, the woody stiffness hinted through muscular line, and the inventive grace of the upper boughs, have never been rendered except by Turner. He does not merely draw them better than others, but he is the only man who has ever drawn them at all.” In language of the utmost brilliancy, the great critic also insists on the artist's supreme excellence in depicting skies, mountains, the phenomena of the sea, and many

other subjects of pictorial treatment. So large a part of the five volumes of the "Modern Painters" is thus occupied that adequate quotation is almost impossible, and as to an original treatment of these themes, we must conclude, with Rossetti, that "to write about Turner's art after Mr. Ruskin is to do failingly what that great writer has done to perfection."

Turner's first visit to Scotland was in 1801, but his most important northern journey was made seventeen years later, when he went thither to make drawings for "The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland," — that splendid work whose letterpress was written by Sir Walter Scott. He was well received by the Scottish people, and mingled in the best literary and artistic society of Edinburgh. In 1818 he exhibited a night-scene on the field of Waterloo, a marine off Dordrecht, a glimpse of Tivoli, and a view of Raby Castle; followed, the next year, by a shipwreck scene at the mouth of the Meuse, a view of Tabley Lake and Tower, and a heavy and unsuccessful picture of Richmond Hill on the Prince Regent's birthday.

The eighteen illustrations for Hakewell's "Pict-

uresque *Tour of Italy*” were finished in 1820, and include choice bits of the richest Italian scenery, from Turin to Naples, with six views of Rome. A considerable part of the years 1819 and 1820 was spent by Turner in Italy, at Sir Thomas Lawrence’s suggestion, and on his return he exhibited two large and over-idealized Roman scenes. One of his most interesting sketch-books is that in which he portrayed the ruins and churches of Rome, during this tour. Other books of this period are filled with transcripts from the Bay of Naples, Lakes Como and Maggiore, Venice, Dresden, the Rhine, and the Loire. Ruskin points out the fact that Turner never entered thoroughly into the spirit of Italy, although he studied so continuously to possess himself of that sweet and subtle inspiration.

It was at this time that Constable made his celebrated prophecy: “The art will go out; there will be no genuine painting in thirty years.” Singularly it happened that Turner died within a few months of the time thus specified. But Millais and Hunt still live and labor, and their noble works attest that art survives and highly flourishes in England.

In the year 1823 Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire" was published, in two folio volumes, illustrated with twenty engravings from Turner's drawings. But the book resulted in a heavy loss to the publishers, and showed that the great Academician's works were not yet popular. The Cologne and Dover plates were equally unsuccessful. When Turner went down to make his drawings for the Richmondshire work, he bore a letter of introduction to a local publisher, in which the London publisher said: "Above all things, remember that Turner is *a great Jew*." The simple provincial tradesman took this literally, and left the artist at home when he went to church on Sunday, telling him to amuse himself with the books and pictures. At dinner a ham was brought on, and the host apologized for it, at which Turner, mystified and displeased at having been treated before as a Pagan, cried out: "What on earth do you mean, sir?" To which the host replied: "Why, they wrote to me that you was a Jew!"

About this time, Turner painted 'The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl,' which Wornum called his first original work, and a noble mas-

terpiece. Here, again, was a competition with Claude, a classic theme filled with sunlight and splendor, and a broad Arcadian landscape. A traveler, lately returned from the Baian shores, demonstrated to George Jones that Turner's picture was one half pure invention; and Jones thereupon wrote on the frame *Splendide Mendax*. The artist laughed, protesting that his vineyards and idealized beauties were really there; and allowed the unflattering inscription to remain permanently.

"The Rivers of England" was published in 1824, with sixteen engravings after Turner's designs, showing castles, ports, and fluvial scenery from the Medway to the Tweed. Another series of similar character was "The Ports of England," being six illustrations of the second-class maritime cities. About this time Turner made twelve poetic drawings, to be used in illustrating Murray's new edition of Byron's works; but these themes were injured by a lack of topographical accuracy. In 1826 "The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland" was published, with thirteen of the master's illustrations.

In 1826 Turner exhibited the 'Forum Ro-

manum,' a picture of a mansion at Mortlake, and an evening scene at Cologne, with the packet-boat arriving. The vivid coloring of the 'Cologne' seriously injured the effect of two of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits, between which it was hung, and caused deep mortification to that artist. But when the Exhibition opened the golden sky of the 'Cologne' was seen to have been changed to a dull brown, and when the critics demanded what Turner had done to his picture, he gruffly answered: "Oh, poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lamp-black; it'll all wash off after the Exhibition." He had spoiled the picture for the public view in order to please Lawrence. Burger, the Continental art-critic, said of the 'Cologne' that everything in it was uniformly colored like the yolk of an egg; and thereby drew upon himself Hamerton's quiet but telling reproof.

In 1826 the master sold his place at Twickenham, probably because it was inconvenient to be so far from his city patrons and the engravers. His father was deeply grieved at the change; but Joseph said that "Dad" was always working in the garden there, and catching abom-

inable colds. The older Turner used to go to the city every day to open the gallery, and was much troubled at the expense of the journeys, until at last he found a market-gardener who would carry him in on top of his vegetables for a glass of gin. He was a regular attendant at Twickenham Church as long as he remained in the village.

The master at last became uneasy at the restrictions of Cooke, his publisher, and resolved to issue a new work on his own account, and upon a comprehensive scale. The "England and Wales" was commenced in 1827, and the publication continued for eleven years, its long duration and studied unity being indicated by the alphabetical sequence of the subjects. This glorious epitome of the scenery of Albion consisted of a hundred plates, illustrating ports and castles, abbeys and cathedrals, palaces, coast-views, and lakes.

The exhibited pictures of 1827 were the 'Rembrandt's Daughter,' an evening view at the Mortlake mansion, a Derbyshire scene, Port Ruysdael, and 'Now for the Painter.' The 'Rembrandt's Daughter' was hung next to a portrait of a Dub-

lin-University man, in brilliant red robes, and Turner hastened to outshine the adjacent picture by heaping red lead and vermilion on his own. When the hangers asked what he was about, he replied, pointing to the university robe, "You have checkmated me." Port Ruysdael was an imaginary locality, which the master illustrated several times, having invented the name for his own amusement and to mystify the Londoners.

The year 1828 was a fruitful one for Turner's fame, since then he produced 'The Equipment of the Fleet,' another Carthaginian picture; a scene from Boccaccio's *Decameron*; views of Petworth Park, East Cowes Castle, and the Chain Pier at Brighton; and the memorable 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' of which Thornbury says: "For color, for life and shade, for composition, this seems to me to be the most wonderful and admirable of Turner's idealisms." Ruskin calls it the central picture in Turner's career, illustrating his perfect power, and crowned by the finest sky in all his oil-paintings.

Turner went to Rome in 1828, and remained there through a part of 1829, painting large pictures of Loreto, Orvieto, and Palestrina. In



October he wrote a frank and cheerful letter to George Jones, R. A., saying: "Two months, nearly, in getting to this Terra Pictura, *and at work*; but the length of time is my own fault. I must see the south of France, which almost knocked me up, the heat was so intense, particularly at Nismes and Avignon; and until I got a plunge into the sea at Marseilles I felt so weak that nothing but the change of scene kept me onwards to my distant point. Genoa, and all the sea-coast from Nice to Spezzia, is remarkably rugged and fine; so is Massa. Tell that fat fellow Chantrey that I did think of him, *then* (but not the first or the last time) of the thousands he had made out of those marble craigs, which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch; but he deserves everything which is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara."

A few weeks later he wrote to Chantrey, describing his works at the studio, No. 12 Piazza Mignanelli, Rome, and quaintly criticising the latest productions of Gibson and Thorwaldsen. The great English artist was not appreciated abroad, and several Roman connoisseurs ex

pressed their wonder that his countrymen could tolerate such singular pictures. There was an English tradesman named Turner then living in the city, who sold large quantities of mustard; and the Roman wits proclaimed that one Turner sold mustard and the other painted it.

When Turner's father died, in 1830, the artist was sadly out of spirits, and said that the loss was like that of an only child. The family was broken up, and the remaining member never again appeared like the same man. He had his father's remains buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, where he raised a monument to the memory of him and his wife. For many years the old retired barber had been his son's assistant, straining and varnishing his pictures, and doing certain simple parts in their coloring.

Some of Turner's noblest work is found in the designs for the twenty-five illustrations in Rogers's poem of "Italy," many of which are gems of the first water, engraved by the most skillful hands, and printed on the best paper. They depict the chief cities of the fair peninsula, her mountain-walls and bordering seas, her villas and ruins, goats and banditti. Turner was so

well pleased with the sumptuous way in which the pictures were printed that he would accept but five guineas each for them. About this time, also, the master was busy with his drawings for "The Keepsake," which he illustrated for nine years. Another great undertaking of this period was his drawing twenty-six views of Palestine scenery, from the sketches of other artists and travelers, to be engraved by the Findens in their "Illustrations of the Bible."

The Exhibition of 1831 contained Turner's picture of 'Caligula's Palace and Bridge ; Bay of Baiæ,' a brilliant and unreal scene from that region which the artist seems to have regarded as the most conspicuous monument of the ruin of Roman power. Other works of this year were 'Lord Percy under Attainder, visited by his Daughters ;' the unsuccessful 'Vision of Medea ;' 'A Stranded Vessel making Signals of Distress ;' and some smaller works. During the next year, he exhibited the magnificent poem on canvas, 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage ; Italy,' wherein are seen all the typical features of Italy, — mountains, walled cities, convents, ruins, flat-topped pines, and broad and noble landscapes.

With this appeared 'The Landing of William of Orange at Torbay,' 'The Fiery Furnace,' 'Fingal's Cave,' and two Dutch naval views.

The marvelous versatility of Turner cannot be expressed as well, in other words, as Ruskin has thus illustrated it: "There is architecture, including a large number of formal 'gentlemen's seats,' — I suppose drawings commissioned by the owners; then lowland pastoral scenery of every kind, including nearly all farming operations, — plowing, harrowing, hedging and ditching, felling trees, sheep-washing, and I know not what else; there are all kinds of town life, — court-yards of inns, starting of mail-coaches, interiors of shops, house-buildings, fairs, and elections; then all kinds of inner domestic life, — interiors of rooms, studies of costumes, of still life and heraldry, including multitudes of symbolical vignettes; then marine scenery of every kind, full of local incident, every kind of boat and method of fishing for particular fish being specifically drawn, round the whole coast of England, — pilchard-fishing at St. Ives, whiting-fishing at Margate, herring at Loch Fyne, — and all kinds of shipping, including studies of every separate part of the vessels,

and many marine battle-pieces ; then all kinds of mountain scenery, some idealized into compositions, others of definite localities ; together with classical compositions — Romes and Carthages, and such others by the myriad, with mythological, historical, or allegorical figures — nymphs, monsters and spectres, heroes and divinities. What general feeling, it may be asked incredulously, can possibly pervade all this ? This, the greatest of all feelings, — an utter forgetfulness of self ? Throughout the whole period with which we are at present concerned, Turner appears as a man of sympathy absolutely infinite, — a sympathy so all-embracing that I know nothing but that of Shakespeare comparable with it. A soldier's wife resting by the roadside is not beneath it ; Rispah, the daughter of Aiah, watching the dead bodies of her sons, not above it. Nothing can possibly be so mean as that it will not interest his whole mind and carry away his whole heart ; nothing so great or solemn but that he can raise himself into harmony with it ; and it is impossible to prophesy of him at any moment whether the next he will be in laughter or tears."

CHAPTER V.

The New Manner. — Turner's Gift. — Fair Scotland. — "Old Pogey"
— Rivers of France. — Italian Themes. — German Criticisms.

TURNER was now entering upon his third period, that of his highest excellence, when he "went to the cataract for its iris, and the conflagration for its flames ; asked of the sky its intensest azure, of the sun its clearest gold." The great hermit of Nature, who quietly said that he never lost an accident, and who worked as many hours as would have made the lives of two men of his own age, now founded the new system of coloring,

" Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

Turner had a profound sense of the solemnity and sorrow of life, and the sad certainty of death. Says Ruskin: "There is no form of violent death which he has not painted ; and the noblest of all the plates of the *Liber Studiorum*, except the *Via Mala*,' is one engraved with his own hand,

of a single sailor, yet living, dashed in the night against a granite coast, his body and outstretched hands just seen in the trough of a mountain wave, between it and the overhanging wall of rock, hollow, polished, and pale with dreadful cloud and grasping foam."

When Turner made his will, in 1832, he bequeathed the bulk of his estate for the establishment of a charitable institution "for the Maintenance and Support of Poor and Decayed Male Artists, being born in England and of English parents only, and lawful issue." This foundation was to be called "Turner's Gift," and a certain sum was appropriated for buildings at Twickenham, leaving enough to furnish revenues for the support of the charity. For the next twenty years the great artist saved and pinched to increase the funds of this monument to his name, but it was all in vain.

Ruskin demonstrates that the artist dwelt continually on three morals, in his groups of foreign pictures: in Carthage, he illustrated the dangers of the pursuit of wealth; in Rome, the fate of unbridled ambition; and in Venice, the vanity of pleasure and luxury. The Venetian pictures be-

gan in 1833, with a glowing painting of the Doge's Palace, Dogana, Campanile, and Bridge of Sighs; and with this were exhibited 'Van Tromp Returning from Battle,' 'The Rotterdam Ferry-boat,' 'The Mouth of the Seine at Quillebœuf,' and another Venetian subject. The next year brought out a dream-land scene at Lake Avernus and the Bay of Baiæ, another panorama of Venice, a wrecking party on the Northumberland coast, and St. Michael's Mount.

When Cadell planned a new edition of Scott's poems (published in 1834), he commissioned Turner to go to the places which had been immortalized in the verse of the Wizard of the North, and prepare twenty-four sketches for illustrations. There were two of these in each volume, showing the most beautiful and picturesque scenes of Scotland and the Border. With some what of the clannishness of his nation, Scott preferred to have his illustrations made by Mr. Thomson, the artistic genius who was pastor of Duddingston; but he soon became reconciled to the employment of the gifted Academician, and entertained him royally at Abbotsford. Scott, Lockhart, and Turner made numerous excursions

to points of interest in southern Scotland, — Dryburgh Abbey, the old peel-tower of Bemerside, and Smailholm Tower, where Scott told his guest that “the habit of lying here on the turf among the sheep and lambs, when a lame infant, had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for those animals, which it had ever since retained.” On this journey (in 1830 or 1831) the master went north as far as the Isle of Skye, where he drew Loch Corriskin, which he said was the grandest scene he had ever beheld; and there he nearly lost his life by a fall from the crags. The views of the savage and lonely Hermitage Castle, of fair Edinburgh from Arthur’s Seat, and of Glencoe and Killiecrankie are among the best in this noble series, which, though not conceived in Scott’s spirit of Border chivalry, are full of rich and tender effects of art. About the same time Turner made a series of illustrations for Scott’s *Life of Napoleon*, differing widely in merit, and with microscopic and admirably distinct figures in throngs.

Turner spent some time at Edinburgh, and frequently went out sketching in company with Thomson of Duddingston, whom some of the

Scottish amateurs preferred to the Academician himself. He called one day at Thomson's house, to examine his paintings, but, instead of the praises which the parson expected, the Londoner merely remarked, "You beat me in frames." The two artists were present at most of the meetings of the Edinburgh painters and savans, and Turner raised many questions here as to the combinations of colors which would produce light, over which the assembled Scottish wisdom held such heated arguments that these topics were, after a time, forbidden. Nevertheless, Turner had already gained much information, which enabled him to work out new and valuable modes of practice. Turner always cherished kindly memories of Scotland, and asked Mr. Munro, after each of his visits to the North, how they got on at "the Modern Aythens," and if "Thomson and that set had discovered Titian's secret yet."

In 1830-31 Turner finished his thirty-three illustrations for Rogers's Poems, most of which were admirably engraved by Goodall. At this time, also, a new edition of Byron was published, in seventeen volumes, and the master contributed

one topographical picture to each volume. Other drawings were made for Finden's "Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron," the year before ; and another series in the new twenty-eight volume edition of Scott's works, including twenty-three foreign and fourteen Scottish views.

At this time Turner was a frequent visitor at Cowley Hall, the seat of Mr. Rose of Jersey, fifteen miles from London. He usually walked hither from the city ; and "Old Pogy" (as he was called by the Roses) was always warmly welcomed. One day Mrs. Rose asked him to draw her favorite spaniel, and in amazement he cried : "My dear madam, you do not know what you ask !" The lady was always after that known by the title of "My dear madam." Mr. Rose tells how he and Turner sat up one night until two o'clock, drinking cognac and water, and talking of their travels. Rose once asked him, somewhat naively, if he painted his clouds from nature ; whereupon his face grew black, and after an ominous silence he exclaimed, "How would you have me paint them?" and marched away in high dudgeon. Whenever he departed from Cowley, after a visit, he left a few shillings

under his pillow for the servants. One day Mrs. Rose and another lady visited his house in Harley Street, at mid-winter, and were entertained with wine and biscuits, in a frigid and fireless room. They saw seven tailless cats there, which he told them were brought from the Isle of Man.

‘The Rivers of France’ (originally published as ‘Turner’s Annual Tour,’ and afterwards by Bohn as the *Liber Fluviorum*) engaged three years of Turner’s life, and his works therein included rank among the most successful of their class. The hitherto despised French scenery was idealized and illustrated by his free pencil, in sixty pictures, which were elegantly engraved by British burins. Says Ruskin: “Of all foreign countries, Turner has most entirely entered into the spirit of France: partly because here he found more fellowship of scene with his own England; partly because an amount of thought which will miss of Italy or Switzerland will fathom France; partly because there is in the French foliage and forms of ground much that is especially congenial with his own peculiar choice of form. . . . He still remains

the only, but in himself the sufficient, painter of French landscape." The eloquent critic goes on to describe at length the chief beauties and most original traits of these bright landscapes by the Loire and Seine, the Marne and the Cher. But Hamerton, who knows far more about France, while praising their exquisite beauty, challenges the accuracy of Turner's "Rivers" in almost every particular,—and especially as to color, adding, in general terms, that "Turner, as a colorist, was splendid and powerful, but utterly unfaithful." Hamerton's review of the "Rivers," in the "Portfolio" for June and July, 1878, is a beautiful piece of analysis.

In the French work Turner was associated with Leitch Ritchie, but their tastes were so diverse that they could not travel together. Ritchie says (and doubtless with accuracy) that his colleague's drawings were marvelously exaggerated, and that he would often make a splendid picture of a place without a single correct detail, trebling the height of its spires, and throwing in many imaginative accessories. He was not a local topographer, drawing for the villagers, and so he felt at liberty to group and

magnify the salient objects as seemed most picturesque. It is still an open question as to how far an artist has the right to thus rearrange Nature in pictures professedly topographical, giving his ideas of how she ought to look, rather than a transcript of the scene. But Turner always claimed this right, and changed the groupings of his landscapes and architecture at will. For this reason he was not careful, in his preliminary sketches, to preserve the exact appearance of objects in Nature, preferring to give a general and idealized view of the landscape rather than a precise copy thereof. When a fellow-artist was lamenting that he could not find a certain point in Switzerland, from which he once saw, and now wished to paint, a glorious Alpine panorama, Turner answered: "Why! do you not know, at your age, that you ought to paint your *impressions*?" Not one of all the master's glowing pictures was painted out-doors, in presence of the theme for delineation. Turner's chief works in 1835-37 were the 'Heidelberg Castle in the Olden Time,' 'Ehrenbreitstein and the Tomb of Marceau,' 'Venice from the Salute Church,' and 'Line-fishing off Hastings,' which were ex-

hibited in 1835. During the next year he exhibited a sunny Italian picture called 'Mercury and Argus,' and a view of Rome from the Aventine Hil'.

'The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons' was another glowing picture of this year, which was almost all painted on the walls of the Exhibition. He frequently sent his canvases to the Institute and the Academy merely sketched out and grounded, and then, coming in as early as four in the morning on varnishing days, he would put his nose to the sketch and paint steadily until nightfall, while the canvas would begin to glow as if by magic. Thousands of imperceptible touches rained down upon the picture, until at last the glorious work was achieved. Another picture of the burning of Parliament House was sent this year to the British Institution. "What's this?" cried Lord Hill, while looking at it. "Call this painting? Nothing but dabs." But when he was retiring, he caught its true effect, and added: 'Painting! God bless me! So it is!'

When Mr. Munro, Turner's friend, was suffering from depressed spirits, the master led him

through an interesting part of France, and by Chamouni and the Vale of Aosta into Italy Munro said that he was a pleasant companion, if one would bear with his odd ways ; and the two travelers formed a plan to go to the East together. At this time he made the sketch for his wild Avalanche picture ; a photographically unideal painting of modern Rome and the Tiber ; and a Venetian picture, which Munro ordered. The artist demanded his traveling expenses to Venice, on the latter commission, and brought back an ambitious painting in place of the drawing for which he was paid. Many years later Munro sold this work for £3,000.

The seven illustrations to Milton's poems were the least successful of Turner's works for the book-makers ; but he had better luck with the twenty romantic designs which he made for Campbell's poems at the same time. Other engravings of this period were the 'Views in India,' designed by Turner from Lieutenant White's sketches among the Himalayas. Campbell neglected to pay Turner, and informed him that he was going to sell the drawings at auction, upon which the artist bought them back

for twenty guineas each, either to avoid having his name hawked about in an auction room, or else to aid the impecunious poet.

About this time he exhibited the 'Apollo and Daphne in the Vale of Tempe,' a brilliant picture of 'Regulus leaving Rome to return to Carthage,' and the dark and stormy scene, 'The Parting of Hero and Leander.' The next Exhibition contained his 'Phryne going to the Public Baths as Venus,' into which he introduced the group of Demosthenes taunted by Æschines. The chief pictures of this date were painted for Mr. Munro, and represent Ancient Italy and Modern Italy, grand imaginative compositions, the first of which shows the banishment of Ovid from Rome, the architectural details including the Sublician Bridge and the Castle of St. Angelo. Modern Italy is represented in a view of the Campagna, with a white hill-town, a religious procession, and a group of *pifferari*. A year later he exhibited pictures of Ancient Rome and Modern Rome, the first being a vast and dreamy pile of palaces, and Agrippina landing with the ashes of her husband, Germanicus ; while the Modern Rome was a view of the ruined Forum.

The 'England and Wales' was discontinued in 1838, having been a losing venture, and the copper-plates and stock were sold to balance the accounts. Bohn offered £2,800 for them, but they were bid in at the auction by Turner himself for £3,000, and he went over to Bohn and said: "So, sir, you were going to buy my 'England and Wales,' to sell cheap, I suppose, —make umbrella prints of them, eh? But I have taken care of that. No more of my plates shall be worn to shadows." Bohn said that he did not want the plates, but the stock already printed; and, calling on Turner the next morning, offered him £2,500 for the books and engravings, leaving the coppers and copyright to the artist. But Turner refused to sell the stock for less than £3,000, and so the interview was fruitless, and the engravings remained in his house until he died, mouldering away and falling to pieces. No attempt was made either to preserve or to sell them, and the large sum of money which they might have brought was lost by neglect of interest.

At this time Passavant, the German painter and critic, said of Turner: "This artist is de-

cidedly the most talented of all the living landscape-painters ; but such is his extravagance of effect, and total neglect of all form, that the English, though great admirers of his genius, are seldom found willing to purchase his works." Dr. Waagen, another German critic, expressed the following opinion : "Turner was a man of marvelous genius, occupying some such place among the English landscape-painters of our day as Byron among the modern English poets. In point of fact, no landscape-painter has yet appeared with such versatility of talent."

CHAPTER VI.

Fading Pictures. — Middle-Class Patrons. — The Beaumont Party.
— ‘The Old *Téméraire*.’ — ‘The Slave Ship.’ — Portraits of
Turner. — “Modern Painters.” — Last Works.

TURNER’S later pictures were filled with ethereality and prismatic brilliancy, with white grounds, warm foregrounds, and a labored attempt to compass a dreamy grandeur by floods of light. Even Ruskin says that the pictures of his last five years are of “wholly inferior value,” with unsatisfactory foliage, chalky faces, and general indications of feebleness of hand. But nearly all these later works are now scarcely more than ghosts, such deteriorating changes have passed upon them, from several causes. “Their effects were either attained by so light glazing of one color over another that the upper color, in a year or two, sank entirely into its ground, and was seen no more; or else by the stirring and kneading together of colors chemically discordant, which gathered into an-

gry spots ; or else by laying in liquid tints with too much vehicle in them, which cracked as they dried, or solid tints with too little vehicle in them, which dried into powder and fell off ; or painting the whole on an ill-prepared canvas, from which the picture peeled like the bark from a birch-tree ; or using a wrong white, which turned black, or a wrong red, which turned gray, or a wrong yellow, which turned brown." The great critic adds that Turner's pictures were never seen in their perfection a month after they were completed, so rapid was the process of deterioration. In view of this technical unskillfulness, it is difficult to understand how Ruskin could have included him in even his singularly selected group of the seven supreme colorists, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Correggio, Reynolds, and Turner.

Turner's patrons were found among the great merchants and manufacturers of Northern and Midland England, and not among the nobility. Art seemed to have been paralyzed among the upper classes, leaving to the great middle class the duty and pleasure of its cultivation. The condition of affairs in the age of the Stuarts

was clearly reversed under the later Guelphs. It has been stated, and not without some appearance of justice, that the neglect with which the British nobility treated Turner was due to their great attachment, at that time, to the works and manner of Claude Lorraine. Sir George Beaumont, an amateur artist, was then the oracle of the fashionable art-patrons, and he had such an intense admiration for Claude that he used to carry one of his pictures on every journey. Turner felt keenly that he was slighted in behalf of one whom he considered far inferior, and began a war upon Claude's works which he carried even beyond the grave.

Constable used to spit with disgust at sight of some of Turner's pictures, and said, after testing them with a diminishing glass, that his works were only large water-colors. The two artists had many a lively skirmish, at the Academy meetings and elsewhere, and Turner withstood his antagonist handsomely. Wilkie, who used to tease the master about his titles, calling him R. A. P. P., at one time fell so completely under the influence of the Beaumont clique that he said that Turner was "getting into a weak

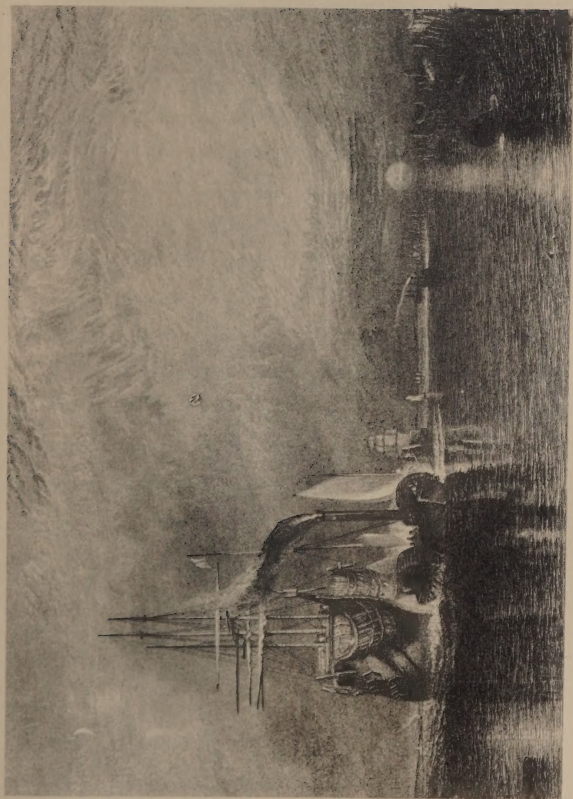
and vapid tone of painting ;" whereupon the two great artists had a serious quarrel. Turner was bitterly opposed by the critics of Sir George Beaumont's party, who sneered at his manner as "the white and yellow school." The Marquis of Stafford, and the Earls of Egremont, Essex, Harewood, and Yarborough were his chief patrons among the lords.

At first Turner's pictures found no purchasers, and were returned from the Exhibitions to his studio unsold, until the wealthy midland manufacturers began to bid for them. Their prices have risen steadily and rapidly, and the works are now worth quadruple what they once were, and even higher rates are paid for many of them. Some idea of this appreciation in value may be seen in the record of the sale of Mr. Bicknell's collection, in 1863, when ten of Turner's pictures, which had been bought for £3,749, were sold for £17,094.

James Lennox, of New York, sent a request to Leslie to buy one of Turner's pictures for him for £500. When the artist was asked if he would let a picture go to America, he said, "No ; they won't come up to the scratch," —

alluding to his high prices ; but when the commission was declared, Leslie was given the choice of three pictures. He took the 'Sunset View of Staffa,' and sent it to New York ; but Mr. Lennox wrote back to express his disappointment, and to say that he could not write to Turner about it. The latter sent word to Lennox, anent his complaint that the picture was indistinct : "You should tell him that indistinctness is my *forte*." In the course of time the American purchaser grew to like his picture very much, and on his next visit to London he bought another of these indistinct compositions. Turner always disliked to part with his pictures, which he likened to dear children, and doubtless felt still more reluctant to have them sent to America, where he could never see them again. Meissonier has this feeling to an exaggerated degree, and publicly expresses his sorrow when any of his pictures are sent beyond the Atlantic.

Turner was peculiarly English in his love for the navy, and had such a strong nautical taste that he spared neither time nor hardship to study the great wooden walls of the island



kingdom. Cheap and rough trips with the mariners of the Thames, and venturous cruises on coasting vessels and smugglers, taught him the mechanism of ships and their varying motions, while they imparted a certain nautical looseness to his manners and morals. The noblest work of the marine class was 'The Old *Téméraire*,' which the artist prized above all his other productions, and Ruskin called the last picture which he executed with entire and perfect power.

The line-of-battle ship *Téméraire* was built at Chatham in 1798, and bore the British flag proudly in the terrible battle of Trafalgar, where she ran between and captured the French frigates *Redoubtable* and *Fougeux*, firing tremendous broadsides into both vessels. One day, when Turner and a party of brother-artists were going down the Thames, they met the *Téméraire*, condemned to be dismantled, being towed to her last moorings, at Deptford, by a little steam-tug. "There's a fine subject, Turner," said Stanfield; and the hint was quickly taken. The sailors called her "The Fighting *Téméraire*," and the artist adopted this title, and was moved to

tears when the historians' accounts proved that she was not the most heroic of British ships, and he was forced to change the name to 'The Old *Téméraire*.' (One of the new British iron-clads now bears this honored name.)

The scene is laid at sunset, when the smouldering red light is vividly reflected on the river, and contrasts with the quiet gray and pearly tints about the low-hung moon. The vast and majestic old ship looms upward through these changing lights, bathed by their splendor, and seeming like a battle-scarred warrior borne toward the grave. This noble and pathetic picture was sought by Lennox, of New York, and other purchasers, but the artist refused to sell it at any price, and finally bequeathed it to the nation.

The pictures exhibited in 1840 were the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' two Venetian scenes, and two marines; and the famous 'Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying, Typhoon coming on,' which is now in the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts. "I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is

that of 'The Slave Ship,' the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood."

In 1841 John Gilbert made a surreptitious portrait of Turner, as he sat on his box finishing a picture, awkwardly dressed and coarse in feature, and rapidly scumbling over one of his painted sun-bursts. Several other likenesses, now in existence, were taken in the same furtive manner, but Turner did not wish to have his portrait made public, believing that he was so homely that the sale of his pictures would be

ruined thereby. Mulready sketched him as an angry debater in the Academy Council, furious with disappointment. Chalon drew his crimson face, high brows, and little gray-blue eyes. Charles Turner made a faithful picture from many careful memoranda, scrupulously displaying his quaint costume and figure. Landseer painted a clever and successful portrait, which was soon afterwards ruined. Linnel drew his features from memory, after meeting him at several dinner-parties, where the host placed the two men opposite each other. The Count d'Orsay made a caricature of him (in 1851), attending an evening party, and evidently not far from death's door.

Trimmer said that his eyes were fine and intelligent, dark-blue or mazarine, somewhat heavy, except while animated, when they became round, glaring, and bull-like. Other friends described him as "having a red Jewish face with staring bluish-gray eyes, and the smallest and dirtiest hands on record. His complexion was very coarse and weather-beaten; his cuticle that of a stage-coachman, or an old man-of-war boat-swain. It was as tough as the skin of a rhinoc-

eros, and red as the shell of a boiled lobster." Peter Cunningham says : " His personal appearance was far from engaging. He was short, stout, and bandy-legged, with a red, pimply face, imperious and covetous eyes. Sir William Allan was accustomed to describe him as a Dutch skipper." A tavern-keeper in the Juras characterized Turner as " a rough, clumsy man ; and you may know him by his always having a pencil in his hand." A Keswick guide spoke of him as spending several days in painting a single bit of rock in the forest, with materials not worth half a crown, but he " was not shabby himself'." At one time he broke a tendon achilles, while out on a sketching climb, and for a long time afterwards he limped badly.

His dress was careless, and often dirty, with sleeves long enough to hide his hands, a velvet collar, and a bright red or blue waistcoat. He wore a hat with the nap carefully brushed the wrong way, short black gaiters, a stiff black satin stock with its ends fastened by a coral pin, and sometimes a long white tie. Leslie says that " he might have been taken for the captain of a river steamer, at first sight."

Turner's inseparable companion was an old faded umbrella, which he carried in all weathers and to all places. It was ingeniously contrived with a hollow stick, detachable from the ribs and covering, and capable of elongation by jointed sections, so that he always had a fishing-pole convenient to his hand. Another companion was a small valise, whose key he guarded with jealous care, and no one ever learned its contents. In his traveling-box, found in the studio after his death, were volumes of Young's "Night Thoughts" and Izaak Walton, and a translation of Horace, with a venerable red morocco pocket-book, brushes, pencils, and a card of cakes of water-colors, worn away in the centre.

Turner's later period was at its full maturity in 1841, and it seems as if nothing but marvelous bursts of vivid color would satisfy his dimming eyes. His exhibited works were Glaucus and Scylla, from Ovid; the Dawn of Christianity; the Flight into Egypt; Prince Albert of Coburg's Castle of Rosenau; the Depositing of Bellini's three Pictures in the Redentore Church, at Venice; and two vivid Venetian

themes, the Giudecca and the Ducal Palace. An eminent German critic has demonstrated that when Turner was composing these pyrotechnical works he must have been color-blind; and an English critic characterizes the pictures of these later years as dreams, challenges, theories, experiments, and absurdities, with coloring ranging from insanity to imbecility, and figures generally contemptible.

In the year 1843 Turner made a series of sketches about the Lake of Lucerne and the St. Gothard Pass, full of detail and subtlety, extraordinary colors and profound suggestions. Ruskin calls the St. Gothard and the Valley of Goldau "the last drawings which Turner ever made with unabated power," and likens the one to Dante's *Malebolge*, and the other to his *loco alpestro*. At the Academy he exhibited this year two Venetian pictures, the Campo Santo and the Dogana; a Snow-Storm, with a steamboat off a harbor's mouth, making signals, in shallow water, and going by the lead; Peace, a Burial at Sea; and War, the Exile and the Rock-Limpet. This latter was a subtle allegory, directed to Napoleon at St. Helena, and

filled with scarlet phantasmagoria. The preceding picture was an allusion to the fate of Sir David Wilkie, the Scottish artist, who had recently died on shipboard, and was buried in the sea off Cape Trafalgar. The death of this old friend and brother-professional deeply touched the master, who was already far into the winter of his years. His power of sight and accuracy of touch were rapidly failing, and nothing availed to arrest the decadence, when he should follow his old comrade. So dark and funereal are the tints of 'The Burial at Sea' that it seems to have been painted on crape, and the sails of the steamer are not grimy, but jet black. Stanfield found fault with these sails, and Turner answered: "I only wish I had any color to paint them blacker."

The snow-storm picture was the first great painting in which falling snow was represented, and depicted a storm which the artist observed from the *Ariel*, off Harwich. "Soapsuds and whitewash," the critics called it, and the vexed master cried out to Ruskin: "Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like! I wish they'd

been in it." The Rev. Charles Kingsley said that Turner told him that he was lashed to the mast for four hours, studying this great storm, not expecting to survive it, but determined to make a correct record if he did.

The noblest eulogium which artist ever had was bestowed on Turner in Ruskin's "*Modern Painters*," whose first volume appeared in 1843, exalting the English artist to spheres of ineffable light, while unjustly depressing Claude, Salvator, and even the majestic Raphael himself. All England was moved to gaze upon Turner's works, and forced to admire them, when praised in the splendid diapason and fervid rhapsodies of Ruskin's sentences; and the new Pre-Raphaelite school arose to fame on the wings of popular enthusiasm, when the eloquent author certified that it bore the sign-manual of Turner's precepts. This great exposition of the new manner in art extended to five volumes, — the title "*Modern Painters*" having been substituted, for commercial reasons, for Ruskin's original title, "*Turner and the Ancients*."

Turner once remarked that "Ruskin knows

a great deal more about my pictures than I do. He puts things into my head, and points out meanings in them that I never intended." Ruskin himself says: "My own admiration of him was wild in enthusiasm; but it gave him no ray of pleasure; he could not make me, at that time, understand his main meanings. He loved me, but cared nothing for what I said, and was always trying to hinder me from writing, because it gave pain to his fellow-artists. 'To the praise of other persons he gave not even the acknowledgment of this sad affection.'" Many of Turner's friends say that Ruskin killed Turner, since his book increased the artist's fame immeasurably, and brought society upon him, thus forcing a radical change in his habits.

In summer Turner frequently visited Margate, taking the Saturday steamer, and spending most of his time hanging over the stern to watch the sunlight and the turbulent water of the vessel's wake. At dinner-time he would open his lunch-box of cold meat, and beg a clean plate or a hot potato from some one, much to the disgust of the waiters. In 1843, when Ruskin was herald-

ing him as the apostle of Nature, he was seen on the Margate steamer eating shrimps out of a great red handkerchief laid across his knees. The narrator adds: "An apostle, surely, in the strangest guise."

In 1844 the London wits began to assail Turner's works, and "Punch" fairly sparkled with cruel badinage at the old master's expense. Gilbert à Beckett and Thackeray joined in making fun of his works, the former asserting that he mixed his colors on the canvas, or pelted it with eggs, and that his 'Masaniello' was 'a lobster salad.' The indignant Ruskin wrote thus: "To censure, Turner was acutely sensitive; owing to his natural kindness he felt it for himself or for others, not as criticism, but as cruelty. He knew that, however little his higher power could be seen, he had at least done as much as ought to have saved him from wanton insult; and the attacks upon him in his later years were to him not merely contemptible in their ignorance, but amazing in their ingratitude. '*A man may be weak in his age,*' he said to me once, at the time when he felt he was dying, *but you should not tell him so.*'"

In 1843 he painted three vivid Venetian pictures, one of which, '*The Sun of Venice Going to Sea,*' was a representation of a handsome little vessel sailing gayly out into a gathering storm. Two contrasted and powerful compositions were the '*Light and Color, or the Morning of the Deluge,*' and '*Shade and Darkness, or the Evening of the Deluge.*' Another picture, '*The Opening of the Walhalla,*' illustrated the dedication of the magnificent temple of German fame, near Ratisbon, in 1842, and was sent as a present to King Louis of Bavaria. The sovereign was unable to comprehend this fervid composition, and had the picture packed up and returned to the painter.

Hammersley visited the Turner Gallery, in 1844, on the invitation of its owner, and reverently describes the master's shambling gait, loose dress, ragged hair, and penetrating eyes. The gallery was a littered and chaotic scene, with many pictures leaning against the wall, covered with unclean cloths; and the taciturn artist led his guest from one to the other of these glowing paintings, describing their chief traits.

Calcott died this year, and Hammersley, who

was visiting the Turner Gallery when the news came, describes how the great master excused himself from his company, and went out in tears. He had been a friend and admirer of the deceased artist, and once said of one of Calcott's Thames views, which had been painted for £200: "Had I been deputed to set a value upon that picture, I should have awarded a thousand guineas."

Among Turner's later works, some of them bred in the murky twilight of decadence, were three Venetian scenes and three Dutch marine views, together with the marvelous 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' in which a train on the Great Western Railway is seen dashing through a blinding storm. The years 1845 and 1846 witnessed the production of six Venetian pictures and three scenes in whaling voyages, with the fantasies entitled 'Queen Mab's Grotto,' 'The Hero of a Hundred Fights,' 'Undine and Masaniello,' and 'The Angel Standing in the Sun.' Turner's last journey to Switzerland was made in 1845, when he executed many fresh sketches, including fourteen in and about Fribourg.

The master never grew weary in his search after knowledge in matters pertaining to art. In 1847 he made many visits to the rooms of Mayall, the daguerreotyper, to study the new processes, and to observe the curious effects of light in the instruments. He had his picture taken many times, and became such an *habitué* of the rooms that a regular chair was fixed for him. He gave himself out to be a master in chancery, and was not detected for two years, after which, although the flattered Mayall offered him still greater attentions, he never visited the rooms again.

In his letter acknowledging the receipt of his annual Christmas goose-pie from Mr. Fawkes, in 1849, he recounted the destruction wrought at Rome by Oudinot's siege, and closed thus: "I am sorry to say my health is much on the wane. I cannot bear the same fatigue, or have the same bearing against it, I formerly had; but time and tide stop not."

The fantastic flurries of the preceding five years were succeeded in 1850 by a group of classical subjects, four pictures of the period of decadence, representing scenes from the life of

Æneas and the legends of Carthage. The light key in which the color-blind master worked during his last decade was adopted by many of the English landscape-painters, and resulted in a group of thin and chalky pictures, devoid of depth and richness. Wilkie alone had ventured to protest, at an earlier day, saying: "If we are on the right road, then the greatest masters of the Italian and British schools have all been wrong."

CHAPTER VII.

Turner's Character. — Seclusion. — Petworth. — Chantrey and Jones
— Varnishing Days.

LET us turn for a moment to the discussion of the central fact in the life of Turner, as viewed through the golden haze of Ruskin's key-note sentence: "Imagine what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy, until he felt himself sinking into the grave." Believing that English prose means the same in Boston as in London, and that Turner's biographers have not been unconscionable libelers, we are forced to look at such a statement with blank amazement and doubt. "The kindest heart"! when all accounts and a hundred anecdotes show that Turner inherited and but little ameliorated the narrow traits of the Maiden-Lane barber and his waspish wife. "The noblest genius"! in

a period which produced Goethe and Schiller, Canova and Thorwaldsen, Napoleon and Wellington, Walter Scott and Wordsworth, Daniel Webster and Hawthorne, Humboldt and Faraday. "Never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy"! when Ruskin himself boasts of ten years of "familiar intercourse" with him, and that meant exaggerated hero-worship; when Jones and Trimmer, and Munro and Chantrey, and a host of others were devoted to a loving attendance on his whims and wants; when Devonshire and Scotland received him with enthusiastic ovations; when Petworth and Lowther Castle and Font-hill Abbey opened their hospitable gates to entertain him; when Scott and Campbell, Rogers and Moore, did him honor; when the Royal Academy supported him with almost unbroken ranks; when he refused fabulous prices for his works, and accumulated an immense fortune; when Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites eulogized him as no other artist was ever praised before. Not only admiration and profit and honor grew thickly about his

path, but also the warmest personal interest and sympathy, in words and in deeds.

It is not that the intense near light of the critical nineteenth century has made his wrong-headedness so clear, and exhibited the commercial pettiness of his dealings so unreservedly, that he thus stands at a disadvantage before his age. In the same light Overbeck appears as a new Fra Angelico, Millais as a chivalrous pioneer in new fields of art, and Allston as a lofty-souled Christian gentleman, never discrediting his sweet and refined culture. But Turner, without his pencil, is almost a Ther-sites ; with it, he is an Apollo.

Unfortunate in the traits which he inherited from his parents, and equally so in his defective education, poor Turner was handicapped before he had fairly entered the race, and his ignoble traits were suffered to gain the mastery. Whatever may have been his ruling motive, his life was devoted to a ceaseless drudgery on behalf of art, and its consummation was radiant with success. Though wealth and honors flowed in like a river, he was unhappy, solitary, and by his own election narrow. This

rare coiner of sunsets and master of the waves was locked within himself by a perverse spirit, and could not feel the rapture of an empire's applause, though it swelled and surged about him. For his glowing works (while they last) we may cherish the loftiest enthusiasm; for the man himself, *guarda e passa*.

Ruskin thus illuminates his friend's character: "He had a heart as intensely kind and as nobly true as God ever gave to one of his creatures. . . . Having known Turner for ten years, and that during the period of his life when the highest qualities of his mind were in many respects diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man or man's work. I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look. I never saw him let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance or endeavor at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner whom I have ever known could I say this; and of this kindness and truth came, I repeat, all his highest power; and all his failure and error, deep and strange, came of his *faithlessness*."

From his earliest days, when he had painted in rigid seclusion in his little bedroom, Turner always worked alone, refusing to be watched, and locking the door of his painting-room. He concealed the methods by which he gained such breadth and depth in water-colors ; yet revealed all his processes to a struggling artist at Edinburgh, at a time when some of his secrets had a great value.

Mr. Gillott, the great pen-maker, once forced an entrance to the studio in Queen Anne Street, pushing the irate housekeeper aside, and meeting the amazed artist's first attack with the announcement that he had come to buy pictures. When Turner gruffly declined to treat with him, he calmly rejoined : " Have you ever seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner ? " To which the answer came : " Never 'eard of 'em." Gillott drew from his pocket a packet of Birmingham bank-notes, amounting to about £5,000, and showed them. " Mere paper," growled the artist. " To be bartered for *mere* canvas," rejoined the pen-maker. " You 're a rum fellow," answered Turner, beginning to appreciate his practical visitor. And the negotia-

tions which ensued resulted in the exchange of the £5,000 for several of the pictures in the studio.

Britton once gained entrance to the painting-room, ostensibly to see about some drawings for the Earl of Essex, but really to spy out the secrets of the jealously-guarded den. Turner covered his works instantly, and when the visitor said, "I 've come to see the drawings for the Earl," he answered, "You shan't see 'em." "Is that the answer I am to take back to his Lordship?" said Britton. "Yes," answered Turner; "and mind that next time you come through the shop, and not up the back way. I allow no one to come here." At other times he was annoyed by people who came to watch him while sketching, and he circumvented such spectators by hiring a post-chaise, and drawing from its window.

The element of mysteriousness which he sought to convey into the commonest events of life was a fruitful cause of annoyance and misunderstanding. About his age he was very secretive, and given to misleading inquirers. sometimes bluntly asserting that he was born

in the same year as Napoleon, and again setting other times. One of his old chums said to him : "William, your birthday can't be far off ; when is it ? I want to drink a glass of wine to my old friend." To which the master growled : "Ah ! never mind that ; leave your old friend alone." When about to depart on his Continental tours, he stole away like a runaway cashier, and concealed all his tracks abroad. Even in the titles of his pictures he endeavored to puzzle and tease the public, as he also effected by their impenetrable hazes and incomprehensible backgrounds.

Turner was undeniably suspicious and sensitive to the last degree ; but he considered his fame and fortune as the property of England, and watched their increase with jealous care. His professional rivals, the legacy-hunters, and the chatterers of the clubs were making common cause against him, and he manfully opposed them, alone. The cumbersome and obscure drollery in which he delighted was often misinterpreted as meanness or malice ; and it must be acknowledged that many of his recorded jokes require an ingenious commentator to make them either good or bad.

Some of his quaint remarks are well worth quoting. When touching the proof of the engraving of Wickliffe's birth-place, he introduced a broad burst of light, saying, "That is the place where Wickliffe was born, and there is the light of the glorious Reformation." "But why do you have those fluttering geese in the foreground?" queried a critic. He replied, "Oh, those — those are the old superstitions which the light of the Reformation is driving away!" Mrs. Austin once said to him: "I find, Mr. Turner, that in copying one of your paintings touches of red, blue, and yellow appear all through the work." To which he answered: "Well, don't you see that yourself in Nature? Because if you don't, Heaven help you!" When they were proposing to have frescoes in the new Parliament House, he objected, saying that "Painting can never show her nose in company with Architecture without being snubbed."

The intense assiduity of the master was one of the leading characteristics of his life, and accounts for the great number of works which he executed. He often asked his brother-

artists if they ever saw the sun rise, and felt grieved when he knew of their wasting time, such profound respect had he for the profession. Yet he said that art was the most wretched calling to which a man could turn, and advised people against it in his letters; professing that if he was about to begin life again he would be an architect. Doubtless his architecture would have been classic, for he had no affection for the Gothic. Old Mrs. Danby said that he used to rise at four in the morning, and set to work, adding, "I never saw him idle."

Turner's housekeeper used to arrange his palette, which was a plain, square bit of wood, with a hole for the thumb. He did not grind colors, but rubbed dry colors on the palette, with cold-drawn oil. Every day a new set of colors was mixed, and if they did not suit he said to Mrs. Danby, "Can't you set a palette better than this?" Among the colors found in the studio after his death were ultramarine, cobalt, smalt, verditer, flake white, blanc d'argent, chrome yellow, raw umber and other dark earths, gamboge mixed with cold-drawn

linseed-oil, rose madder mixed with wax, and tar, magilp, spirit varnish, etc. His brushes were very short, round and flat, of hog's bristles, with long sables for rigging and other delicate lines, and in his earlier days camel's hair for oil-paintings.

Turner rarely sketched in oil, because he usually made the colors too brown. His choice was to sketch with the pencil, writing in the various colors and effects. Many of his outlines were undecipherable to any one but himself, as he used to boast. Turner disliked to draw with a pen, because it would sometimes splutter. He held that it was dangerous to mix oils with water-colors, yet did so freely in his later years. In order to mark the faults of a picture, he used to stick wafers on them. One vigilant and candid observer says that "he preferred to spit in his powder colors." He never used a mahl-stick, so sure and decided was his touch; and his sketching materials were very rude, often consisting of brushes worn away to single hairs.

His out-door sketches were made quickly, and the details were usually added afterwards in his chamber, since he had a horror of too much

precision, or, as he expressed it, of "being too mappy." He was careful to carry a sponge on his excursions, to aid him in forming misty and aerial effects. He avoided rhapsodies about scenery, but sat apart from comrades, and worked with silent and absorbed concentration. "If you are out sketching, and feel at a loss," said he, "you have only to turn round or walk a few paces farther, and you have what you want before you." When Munro made a characterless sketch, he abruptly remarked: "What are you *in search of?*" And to another, who had omitted a spire in drawing a village, on the plea of lack of time, he said: "You should take a subject more suited to your capacity."

The following quotation from Ruskin states a fact which will, perhaps, be new to most observers: "Every quarter of an inch of Turner's drawings will bear magnifying; and much of the finer work in them can hardly be traced, except by the keenest sight, until it is magnified. In his painting of 'Ivy Bridge,' the veins are drawn on the wing of a butterfly not three lines in diameter; and I have one of his smaller drawings of 'Scarborough' in my own pos-

session in which the mussel shells on the beach are rounded, and some shown as shut, some as open, though none are as large as the letters of this type ; and yet this is the man who was thought to belong to the 'dashing' school, literally because most people had not patience or delicacy of sight enough to trace his endless details." But Redgrave — a calmer critic — speaks of Turner's "too great generalization," and argues that the implements which he used were "quite incompatible with minute completion."

Turner's extraordinary rapidity and memory are thus illustrated by Ruskin: "There is a drawing in Mr. Fawkes's collection of a man-of-war taking in stores, . . . her bows towards the spectator, seen in sharp perspective from stem to stern, with all her port-holes, guns, anchors, and lower rigging elaborately detailed. There are two ships of the line in the middle distance, drawn with equal precision, a noble breezy sea dancing against their broad bows, full of delicate drawing in its waves ; a store-ship beneath the hull of the larger vessel, and several other boats, and a complicated,

cloudy sky. It might appear no small exertion of mind to draw the detail of all this shipping, down to the smallest ropes, from memory, in the drawing-room of a mansion in the middle of Yorkshire, even if considerable time had been given for the effort. . . . Turner took a piece of blank paper one morning after breakfast, outlined his ships, finished the drawing in three hours, and went out to shoot."

The master never adhered to any method of coloring very long, and hoped to find a better one than his own, holding that the old masters excelled in this regard. In his later years he availed himself extensively of body colors. His skies were often worked over many times, cobalt being used liberally, though at Jones's suggestion he adopted Prussian blue, and smalt was also found on his palette. He said that yellow was his favorite color, "because pictures want color." "Bring me back some Naples yellow," he said to a friend, who asked him what he could do for him in Italy. In his later works he used the quick-drying copal varnish, to the great damage of the pictures; and made others half in distemper, which disappeared

under the sponges of the restorers. Dangerous vegetable colors and uncertain vehicles were also employed, so that his skies cracked and darkened, and the pictures rapidly deteriorated. One of the most careful students of his works has expressed a fear that subsequent ages will have to turn to the *Liber Studiorum* as the only surviving monument of the master's genius.

He had a mortal horror of the cheap sale of his pictures, believing that his reputation would thus be injured. He usually attended (or sent agents to) the sales at which any of his works were to be put up, in order to bid them in if the prices were low. When Green's collection was sold at auction, the Turner pictures were eagerly bidden for by a red-cheeked and white-aproned butcher's boy, who ran them up five guineas at a time. The auctioneer called this lad forward, doubtless to rebuke him, but he pulled from his pocket an order from Turner himself, with instructions how to bid. When Robinson offered the master 800 guineas each for two pictures which he held at £1,000 each, he cried out in fury: "No! I'd rather keep them for my winding-sheet."

Turner would never verify pictures attributed to him, because, having done so once, he was placed in the witness-box in a trial. "It was the first, and it shall be the last time," he said. He even refused to certify a picture for Mr. Drake, the solicitor for the South Western Railway, which had recently paid him £550 for a half acre of land at Twickenham, saying, "If Mr. Drake has purchased a Turner, he ought to know it as a Turner."

He rarely gave away pictures, holding to the principle that men do not value things which have cost them nothing; and many queer stories are told of the artifices which were played against him, in order to get drawings and sketches. He left letters unopened on his table for months, growling that "they only want my autograph."

Attempts to pirate his designs excited Turner's hot wrath. When he detected some one making memoranda of the pictures in his gallery, he marched him out in double-quick time; and having found that Owen had been imitating him, he wrote and demanded that he should thenceforth draw from his own resources, and not from him.

Turner maintained that artists should paint only for judges, and that public opinion was totally valueless. He was wounded almost to tears by the harsh criticisms of the newspapers, although holding them as of but little value or importance. He was also deeply grieved by the neglect shown to his exhibited pictures, and pointing to a stack of them in his gallery said: "Don't talk about 'em; they all came back. They might have had 'em; now they shan't have 'em."

The art of engraving had made rapid advances from the days of Faithorne and the reign of the Stuarts to the era of Boydell's magnificent patronage, and was at this time highly favored by the popular taste for topographical works. In connection with this class of books Turner received his first important commissions, and executed his most popular works. Herein he found the main source of his wealth, and not in the better known paintings. He was scrupulous about the most minute particulars, lest errors should creep in, either through his fault or that of the engravers; and Thornbury gives several of his letters about certain

engravings, showing his almost painful care over all the details. His favorite engraver was Mr. F. Millar, of Edinburgh.

Turner was strongly opposed to steel engravings, and other processes of cheapening and popularizing art. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great portrait-painter, once said: "By the way, Turner, I wonder you don't have some of your drawings engraved on steel." "Humph! I hate steel." "But why?" asked Sir Thomas. "I don't like it. Besides, I don't choose to be a basket engraver." "A basket engraver! A basket engraver, Turner! What is that?" Looking at Lawrence with twinkling and mischievous eyes, the master said: "When I got off the coach t'other day at Hastings, a woman came up with a basketful of your 'Mrs. Peel,' and wanted to sell me one for sixpence."

The engravers all believed that Turner cherished a deep dislike to them, and were continually quarreling with him about proofs. They were also annoyed by the vagueness of his drawings, which necessitated vexatious corrections. In engraving one of the Venetian sketches, so obscure were the marks that they

made his ships into houses, in perfect good faith, and the print so appeared.

Turner's expenditures were indeed small, and his style of living was humble, but it was such as he had been educated to, and which he best enjoyed. He had the means of living as richly as Reynolds or Millais, but his tastes were opposed to such a career, and he preferred to place all his time and energy at the service of art, and to save his money for higher purposes than dilettants' dinners and splendid receptions. His whole heart was in the studio, and he would not waste time on society or in conciliating patrons and critics.

When the Scottish artist, Thomson of Duddingston, came to visit London, Turner invited him to dinner; but before the feast came off, Thomson was asked to dine by a nobleman, who also included Turner. When the Scotchman came down to invite his friend, Turner hesitatingly said: "Well, if I must, I s'pose I must, but" — at which his father, who had been listening, and dreaded lest he should decide to dine at home, opened the door, and ex

claimed : " Go, Billy ! go ! The mutton need n't be cooked, Billy ! "

When a large party of artists had finished a white-bait and champagne supper at Blackwall, the jovial Chantrey, who presided, mischievously handed the bill to Turner. To the surprise of the company, he took the bill, and went out forthwith and paid it from his own purse. Frequently he served parties of his companions in the same way, and Leslie says that " at the dinner-table no one was more gay and joyous. "

The master's eccentricity often manifested itself in a manner unpleasant to his traveling companions. Once he met an English artist on the Moselle, and invited him to a handsome dinner, where the two fraternized with enthusiasm. The next morning, when the guest arose and asked for Turner, the landlord said : " He left for good at five o'clock this morning, and said you would settle both bills. " Turner met John Murray, the publisher, in the Tyrol, and after some days of intimacy left at sunrise, one morning, without a word of farewell.

As a fisherman, Turner exhibited the same hearty earnestness and persevering patience

which characterized his art, and even his poetry-making. He rarely went out of the city without his rod, and no bad weather nor continuous ill-luck could turn him from his purpose. For half-days at a time he would sit in a chair by the Brentford carp-pond or the lake at Petworth, holding an umbrella in one hand and a fishing-rod in the other, with unyielding fortitude, quietly watching the ripples and eddies, and the water-plants by the bank. He was very tender with the fish which were too small for eating, and carefully put them back into the water. This considerateness towards the lower forms of life was also extended to domestic animals, and was reciprocated by their love.

He usually performed acts of kindness in a deprecating and shamefaced manner, as if averse to the appearance of helpfulness. "Let me try your paper; I have n't any that I like," said he to Munro, when the latter was vainly trying to make a colored sketch, at St. Martin's Bridge. In an hour or two he returned, and threw the book down, grumbling, "I can't make anything of your paper." But Munro found that he had

executed three sketches in it, showing the progress of coloring from beginning to end, and clearing up his perplexities.

Instances of Turner's furtive generosity and unostentatious charity are stretched through many pages of Thornbury's work, and show that his life, so often considered altogether cold and miserly, was studded with fair deeds. It was found when he died that no rent had been paid by the occupants of some of his houses for several years, and his lawyer stated that Turner had forbidden him to molest them. He once drove an importunate begging woman from his house, but suddenly relented, and running out gave her a £5 note. He lent considerable sums of money to the needy widow of a drawing-master, and when she finally came to repay them he refused to hear her, keeping his hands in his pockets, and bidding her to spend the money in educating her children. He heard that one of the kindest patrons of his youthful days was so greatly embarrassed that he was about to sacrifice the stately forests on his domain, upon which Turner advanced £20,000 to the gentleman's steward to relieve him from

trouble, enjoining him to conceal the name of the helper. Years later the estate was so far restored that its owner repaid the loan, through his steward, although he never found out who his benefactor was.

When young Bird sent one of his first pictures to the Academy, and it was about to be returned because no place could be found for it on the walls of the exhibition rooms, Turner took down one of his own paintings and hung Bird's in its place.

When Wilkie, Turner, and Constable were together at Sir Thomas Lawrence's funeral, the former remarked, "Turner, that's a fine effect!" at which the latter turned away in disgust. He afterwards wrote, concerning this funeral: "It is something to feel that gifted talent can be acknowledged by the many who yesterday waded up to their knees in snow and muck to see the funeral pomp." Turner also painted a picture (from memory) of the funeral scene. He had been a warm friend of Lawrence, as well as of Fuseli and Flaxman.

With all Turner's unamiable traits, he was not a cynic nor an ascetic, but heartily enjoyed

his water excursions in company, his fishing and hunting parties, and the intimate friendship of Egremont, Harewood, Jones, Trimmer, Ruskin, and other gentlemen of rank and culture. His manners were blunt and straightforward, but not coarse ; and Lupton, the engraver, says that he was animated and witty in conversation, and quick in reply. He was a member of the coterie of artists who used to meet at General Phipps's dinner-parties, where Etty, Constable, Calcott, Collins, Mulready, Wilkie, and Chantrey were often found. He was also a frequent guest with Windus, at Tottenham ; Woodburn, at Hendon ; and the Carrick-Moores, at their town and country residences.

Mr. Roberts bears the following important testimony : "That he was not the recluse Ruskin has pictured him is *well known to all who knew anything about him*, for he loved the society of his brother-painters, and was in reality 'a jolly toper,' never missing a night at the meetings of the Royal Academy Club, usually then held at the 'Thatched House ;' and, as a proof that he loved them and these jolly parties, he *willed* that £50 annually should be spent expressly for that purpose on his birthday."

Lord Egremont's mansion at Petworth was a welcome shelter for Turner, as it had also been for Van Dyck and Allston ; and no British nobleman was so often honored by the great master's visit as was the rugged old Egremont. The Academician Jones and the sculptor Chantrev often sojourned there at the same time, and the three artists rambled together through the vast park (fourteen miles in circuit), or angled in the pretty little lake. The latter was a favorite resort of Turner, who passed many hours there, with fishing-rod in hand, watching the fawns, and ducks, and birds. The long, white, commonplace building of Petworth House contains noble white and gold rooms, marble halls, frescoed stairways, marvelous carved works, and a gallery which is rich in old paintings and statuary. Beside the Van Dycks and Holbeins, the Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses, a dozen or more of Turner's pictures hold a worthy position. They are for the most part quiet inland scenes, in and near the valley of the Thames, with one breezy marine, and the 'Jessica,' that blunder of the master's which irreverent critics called 'The Mustard Pot.' Turner was once

fishing in the lake with Carew, when the latter, in his frank Irish way, said: "Turner, they tell me you 're rich." "Am I?" chuckled the artist. "Yes; everybody says so," rejoined Carew. To whom Turner made reply: "Ah! I would give it all up to be twenty years of age again."

His quaint disputes with Lord Egremont are still remembered. Once they waxed so hot over the question as to whether there were six or seven windows in the front of a neighboring house, that the Earl ordered his post-chaise and took his guest out to prove his error. Again, they had a sharp discussion over Turner's assertion that carrots floated on water, which was ended in favor of the artist when a servant was ordered in with a bucket of water and a handful of carrots.

He used to rise, while at Petworth, in the gray of the morning, and do several hours of work before the other guests were about, with his door locked; and no one was allowed to enter the painting-room except Lord Egremont, who gave a signal by two sharp raps. The mischievous Chantrey once got in by imitating the Earl's peculiar step and cough, and his knocks,

and slipping in before the door could be re-locked.

Chantrey, the fat and jolly old sculptor, was one of Turner's best friends, an intimate companion of his excursions and dinners. George Jones says : " I well remember the morning after Chantrey's death, that he came to the house of our deceased friend. He asked for me, and I went to him, when he wrung my hands, tears streaming from his eyes, and then rushed from the house without uttering a word." When any of his friends were sick, the master was filled with solicitude, and watched them like a tender nurse. Jones injured his leg at Petworth, and was tended by Turner with womanly care and unwearied assiduity, until he fully recovered. When the son of Charles Turner, the engraver, was ill unto death, the master visited the house daily to inquire as to his condition, but would never leave his name, and afterwards the servant told how a short gentleman, of odd manners, had called every evening, with constant solicitude.

Chantrey was not only Turner's friend and admirer, but also became one of his most vigorous

champions against the thousand enemies about his path. He by no means understood what the master was at, nor could he quite comprehend the vague splendor of many of his friend's pictures, yet he ever held lance in rest against the anti-Turnerians. These two eminent Academicians were both born of the people, both enthusiastic fishermen, and enjoyers of landscape painting. Chantrey, as well as Jones and Shee, were always anxious while Turner was away on his mysterious and unreported continental expeditions, and hailed his return with joy.

George Jones, R. A., was one of Turner's dearest friends, and was always addressed by him as "Georgie," or "Joney." Jones says that the master liked him because he never attempted to influence his customs or to hunt out his secrets; and adds: "I never knew him to speak ill of any one." When Jones told Turner that he was going to paint an upright panel-picture of 'The Fiery Furnace,' the latter asked him to order two panels, and executed a similar picture himself, in pure fun. Both the 'Furnaces' were exhibited at the same time, and were in perfect sympathy, though neither artist

had seen the other's work. In like manner they both painted the burial of Sir David Wilkie, at the same time.

Our artist was intimate with the Irish poet, Tom Moore, who tells of having been at a small dinner-party with the Academician, and proposing to him to make a series of drawings of Bo wood, Farley Castle, and other interesting localities about Moore's home. Turner broke in with: "But Ireland, Mr. Moore, Ireland! There's the region connected with your name. Why not illustrate the whole life? I have often longed to go to that country, but am, I confess, afraid to venture myself there. Under the wing of Thomas Moore, however, I should be safe."

Turner was on the most intimate terms with Samuel Rogers, the poet, who admired his works in a vague way. Looking at one of his pictures, through telescoped hands, Rogers once expressed himself in a manner which has often been echoed: "Ah! there's a beautiful thing; and the figures, too — one of them with his hand on the horse's tail — not that I can make them out, though." He manifested his wonder at a handsome table in Turner's parlor, and added:

"But how much more wonderful it would be to see any of his friends sitting around it."

The varnishing days were full of mirth in the Academy galleries, and our painter was one of the merriest of the assembled artists. Once Mulready likened one of Turner's cows to the dough pigs with currants in their eyes, which are sold to country children, and the master chuckled for hours over this hit at his expense. Turner used to come, on varnishing-days, with a dirty color-box and worn-out brushes, and perch himself on old cases and steps, while he gave the final touches to his pictures, nodding the while under the brown sherry, of which he usually took too much. At the convivial Academy lunches he was the soul of the company, and he sternly resisted the proposals for their abolition. When Constable's 'Waterloo Bridge' was hung beside one of Turner's gray sea-pieces, and with its profuse gold and vermilion outshone its sober neighbor, the master dashed a fiery blot of red lead into the centre of his dark sea, and made Constable's work pale in comparison. "He has been here," said Constable, in dismay, "and fired off a gun." Just before the Exhibition

opened Turner glazed the scarlet splash, and formed it into a buoy. The 'Waterloo Bridge' was checkmated, and the whole plan of the misty marine view was changed, without loss. It is said that all the Academicians once gathered around one of Turner's new pictures, to debate what it was meant to represent. One thought it was 'Moonlight,' and another argued that it was 'A Storm;' but Howard thought it must be 'An Allegory,' and Fuseli added: "Yes, the allegorie of Blazes at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, wid molten lead." "No," said Turner, who had just entered: "that's Limbo; where they are going to send your 'Sin and Death'" (one of Fuseli's best pictures).

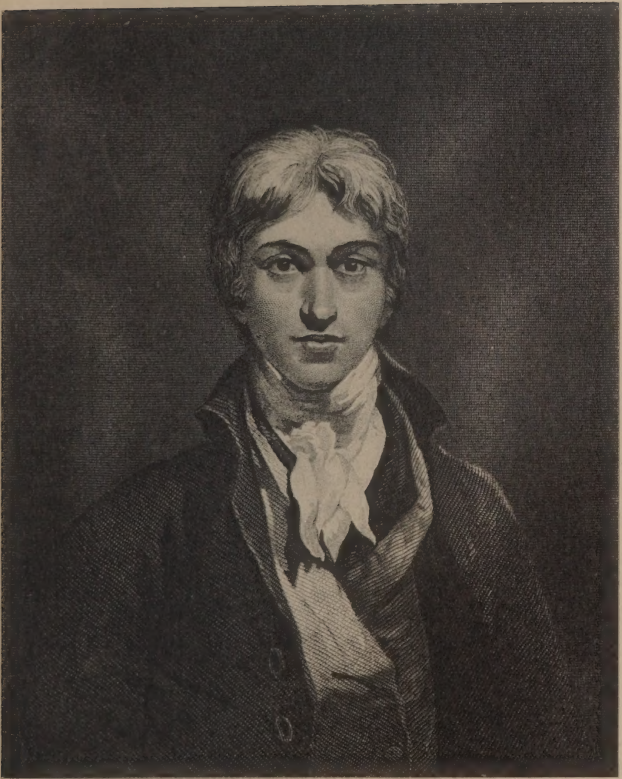
On one of these days Jones had a bright picture of Ghent hung next to a Venetian view by Turner. "Why, Joney, how blue your sky is! But I'll outblue you," said the latter, and scumbled in a quantity of ultramarine on the sky of his Venice, chuckling, "I've done you now, Georgie." In his absence, Jones painted the sky of his Ghent a blank white, which acted as a foil on the other, and made it appear absurdly blue. "Well, Joney," said Turner, when

he saw it, "You've done me now; but it must go." Vernon paid 200 guineas for this picture, which was so sketchy and fragmentary that its painter said: "If they will have scraps they must pay for them."

At another time Chantrey came up to one of the new pictures, brilliant with orange chrome, and, pretending to warm his hands at it, said: "Why, Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. By the by, is it true, as I have heard, that you've got a commission at last to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?"

Mr. Leslie says that it would almost have broken Turner's heart if the varnishing days had been abolished in his time (as they afterwards were, for several years). When this measure was first broached, he said: "Then you will do away with the only social meetings we have, the only occasions on which we all come together in an easy and unrestrained manner. When we have no varnishing days we shall not know one another."

Northcote was angry because one of Turner's brilliant pictures was hung below a painting of his own, and said: "You might as well have



opened a window under my picture." Another artist said of Turner's pictures, in similar metaphor: "They seem to represent so many holes cut in the wall, through which you see Nature."

CHAPTER VIII.

Turner's Verses. — Evening Diversions. — Hiding at Chelsea. — **The Lonely Death.** — The Broken Will. — The Bequests.

TURNER had an intense desire to write poetry, and struggled heroically to achieve this task, so impossible to him. His sketch-books are dotted here and there with weak and inharmonious lines, which are usually as devoid of sense and continuity as of rhythm and music, and are as defective in sense as in orthography. Sometimes he vaguely imitates Pope, or Thomson, or Crabbe, and again he shows a baldness of thought and a voidness of melody which were purely original; and only rarely appears a resounding line or a brilliant phrase. Ignorant of the simplest laws of metre, he was equally unable to appreciate the need of continuity, and so rattled on from one inchoate thought to another, giving but the merest driftwood and the vaguest suggestions of ideas. Thornbury has printed a poem of nearly 500 lines, written

by Turner, in a singular disjected manner, introducing descriptions of twine-bearing Bridport, the Portland quarries, Corfe Castle, and other localities and scenes, without connection or completeness. It has been said that "it reads like an attempt at a rhymed gazetteer of England, or a new *Polyolbion*."

"The Fallacies of Hope" was the title of a manuscript poem from which Turner made frequent quotations, attached to his pictures. Perhaps there never was any more of this poem than the fragments which he thus made public, but he loved to mystify people, and enjoyed the rumors which circulated abroad about "The Fallacies." "Punch" published numerous clever parodies on the extracts from this poem, which made the unfortunate artist wince. He was fond of talking about poetry, and often attached apt quotations from the poets to the titles of his exhibition-pictures.

In his later time the master was anxious to gain a fund of general knowledge, and read all the best books and magazines of the day. He was also a close student of the "Edinburgh Review," which was then in the height of its fame.

The shyness of his early days wore off perceptibly, and he became a social and amusing clubman, not afraid to converse even with ladies.

At certain periods Turner attended the theatre with great regularity, being an admirer of Shakespeare and Macready. In his later years he spent most of his evenings at the Academy, to which he was heartily devoted. Sometimes he used to venture a little money at cards. In politics he was a Tory, but ardently sympathized with the Hungarians and other struggling peoples of Europe.

During his long decline Turner kept up his inspiration on brown sherry, and often received visitors while half dizzy with this favorite beverage. He used to take a bottle of gin when he went out on river excursions at Sunbury, and the gray old boatmen there refused to believe that he was a genius, because he never gave them anything from the bottle. In later years he was always present at the Athenæum Club, between ten and eleven o'clock, dogmatic and loquacious over his half pint of sherry. He also frequented the tavern called the Yorkshire Stingo, until he was recognized there by

a friend ; and was sometimes seen under the weather at other too hospitable inns. A fellow-artist once met him at an out-of-the-way public-house, and cheerily said : "I did not know that you used this place ; I shall often drop in, now I know where you quarter." "Will you ?" growled the venerable master : "I don't think you will." He then emptied his glass, and went out of the house, to return no more. A friend once met him on the Chelsea steamboat, fresh and neat as if just from home, and began to question him about his residence, asking if it was near. Pointing to the gentleman's little son, Turner ignored the questions by saying : "Is that your boy ?"

Another phase of the master's life is thus lightly touched upon by David Roberts : "I and others knew that he had another home besides Queen Anne Street, but delicacy forbade us prying farther. We all knew that whoever he lived with took great care of him, for he was not only better dressed, but more cleanly and tidy, than in former years." Thornbury adds : "Towards the end of his career, he would, I am assured on the best authority, paint hard all the

week till Saturday night ; and he would then put by his work, slip a £5 note into his pocket, button it up securely there, and set off to some low sailors' house in Wapping or Rotherhithe, to wallow till Monday morning summoned him to mope through another week." He left four natural children.

When Sir Martin Shee died, it is supposed that Turner aspired to succeed to his place as President of the Royal Academy. But he was not chosen, on account of his inaptness in business affairs, inability to make speeches, eccentric ideas, and disposition to dictate to the younger members. It is intimated that he was also disappointed at not receiving the distinction of knighthood, when Calcott and other inferior artists were thus honored. The indifference with which the nobles regarded the Maiden-Lane artist was shared by the sovereigns of England, none of whom took the least notice of him.

Turner was an enthusiastic collector of topographical sketches, from naval men, travelers, and others who had been much abroad. He never wearied at descriptions or pictures of Ni-

agara, which he regarded as "the greatest wonder in Nature;" and made the most minute inquiries about its various aspects, the rainbow, the cliffs, and other features.

He rarely praised other artists, except Stothard, the painter of Arcadian grace and simplicity; yet he equally abstained from detraction and disparagement. Flaxman was another artist who was greatly appreciated by him; and he regarded Pyne as highly poetical. At times he imitated Morland, De Loutherbourg, Wilson, and Reynolds, but carefully eschewed West and Fuseli. After lovingly copying Stothard's manner, Turner once said: "I only wish he thought as much of my works as I think of his. I consider him the Giotto of the English school."

He greatly admired some of Poussin's pictures, and held himself as inferior to Gainsborough and Wilson. Of Van de Velde, he said: "I can't paint like him;" and when looking at one of Cuypp's pictures, filled with luminous and golden sherry-brown color, he said: "I would give a thousand pounds to have painted that." Titian was his especial delight, and he even ventured to compete with him in the '*Venus*

and Adonis.' He had a poor opinion of the contemporary painters of the Continent, and said that art at Rome was at its lowest ebb. The works of Harding and of Copley Fielding had no value in his eyes ; and Etty's faces were thoroughly disagreeable to him.

Field sent a copy of his "Chromatics" to Turner, and asked his opinion of it. "You have not told us too much," was the dry answer. He held that the book was fallacious, because colors were not reducible to scientific rules ; and on the other hand Field maintained that Turner's most extravagant compositions were harmonious, showing nature in a high key, as when seen through a prism, and producing inimitable effects with little effort.

When the Great Exhibition opened, in 1851, Turner left orders with his housekeeper that no one should be admitted to see his pictures. For twenty years the rain had been streaming in upon them through the leaky old roof of his gallery, and many of them were hopelessly wrecked. During these late years Turner frequently left his house for months at a time, and secreted himself in some distant quarter or sub-

urb of the city, taking great care that he should not be followed or known.

He sent no pictures to the Exhibition of 1851; and the people who saw him in the gallery hardly recognized the broken and decrepit old man. At last his prolonged absence from the Academy meetings alarmed his friends, and Roberts wrote to him, begging to know if he was ill, and asking permission to come and see him. A fortnight later he appeared at Roberts's studio, and said: "You must not ask me where I am; but whenever I come to town I will always come to see you." When Roberts tried to cheer him up, he laid his hand on his heart, and moaned: "No, no; there is something here which is all wrong." Jones and Roberts were the last of his intimate friends who saw him alive.

But although none of his fellow-artists and brother Academicians, none of his titled friends and gentlemen patrons, cared to seek out the abiding-place of the dying master, there was one faithful and humble soul who tracked him to his new home, and that was the withered old crone who had for so many years been his housekeeper.

Deeply troubled by his prolonged absence, and certain that he was ill, she followed out every clew, and at last, taking the hint of a letter which she found in one of his old coats, she went to Chelsea, and after a careful reconnoissance found his whereabouts. Hurrying to London, she informed a relative and Mr. Harpur, the latter of whom hastened out, and found the great artist fast sinking, with but one day more of life.

The usually received version of Turner's last mysterious escapade runs thus: He felt the need of purer air than that of dingy Queen Anne Street, and went out to Chelsea, where he found an eligible little cottage by the side of the river, with a railed-in roof whence he could observe the sky. The landlady demanded references from the shabby old man, and he angrily replied: "My good woman, I'll buy the house outright." This matter having been arranged, she demanded his name. "In case, sir, any gentleman should call, you know." "Name?" said he: "What's *your* name." "My name is Mrs. Booth." "Then I'm Mr. Booth." And so he was known, the boys along the river-side calling him "Puggy Booth," and

the tradesmen, "Admiral Booth," the theory being that he was an old admiral in reduced circumstances.

In a low-studded attic room, poorly furnished, and with a single roof-window, the great artist lay in his mortal sickness. He sent for his favorite doctor, from Margate, who frankly told him that death was close at hand. "Go down stairs," exclaimed Turner, "take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again." But even this stimulant had no effect on the skillful judgment of the physician, who reiterated his previous verdict. About an hour before he died Mrs. Booth wheeled the sick man to the window, where he took one last long and lingering look at the beloved Thames, bathed in sunshine and dotted with white-sailed boats.

Up to the moment of his last sickness the lonely old man would rise at daybreak, nearly every morning, and mount to the roof of the cottage, where, with sublime affection, he watched the sunrise, and the brilliant flush of the morning sky, while the chiming ripples of the Thames brought back to his mind the memories of his youthful days and his manhood's triumphs. In

the last supreme moment, when death was settling in the master's cold limbs, Phœbus tenderly caressed his peerless court-painter, when the bright winter sun shone in, full upon the chilling face of Turner.

The funeral, from the house in Queen Anne Street, was an imposing one, attended by a long line of carriages, and conducted with all the splendor of the Anglican ritual, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Jones, Munro, Griffiths, Harpur, and other friends were present; and the artists were represented by Maclise, Fielding, Landseer, Mulready, Leslie, Eastlake, Stanfield, Barry, Westmacott, and many others. The faithful old housekeeper also followed her master's remains to the grave. Dean Milman read the service, and at its conclusion the coffin was borne into the catacombs, where the remains of the great artist were buried between the tombs of James Barry and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Turner's will was a sadly confused and vague document, which Thornbury calls, in the classic language of the London clubs, "an extraordinary mash of grammar." Successive codicils during the twenty years after the will was writ-

ten still further obscured the meaning of some sections, but the main facts were clear, — namely, that his pictures were to be allotted to the National Gallery, and his other property and funds to “Turner’s Gift.” There were minor bequests to Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Danby, and some of his uncles and cousins; £1,000 for a monument to himself in St. Paul’s; and funds towards endowing a professorship of landscape at the Academy, and a medal for the best landscape pictures. The estate was sworn as under £140,000.

But the self-denials and painful economies of Turner’s weary life were rendered nugatory, so far as benefiting the artists of England was concerned, by the rapacity of his forgotten and ignoble relatives, who hastened to contest the will. It was first argued that the master was of unsound mind, and when this plea was overturned, the lawyers maintained that the will was so confused and incoherent as to be incomprehensible, and hence, necessarily, void, so that the property must pass to the next of kin. The contest at law continued for four years, while the estate was being devoured rapidly by bills of costs and

lawyers' fees. In 1856 a compromise was effected, giving the real estate to the heir-at-law, the pictures and drawings to the National Gallery, £1,000 for a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, and £20,000 to the Royal Academy, — the remainder to be divided amongst the next of kin.

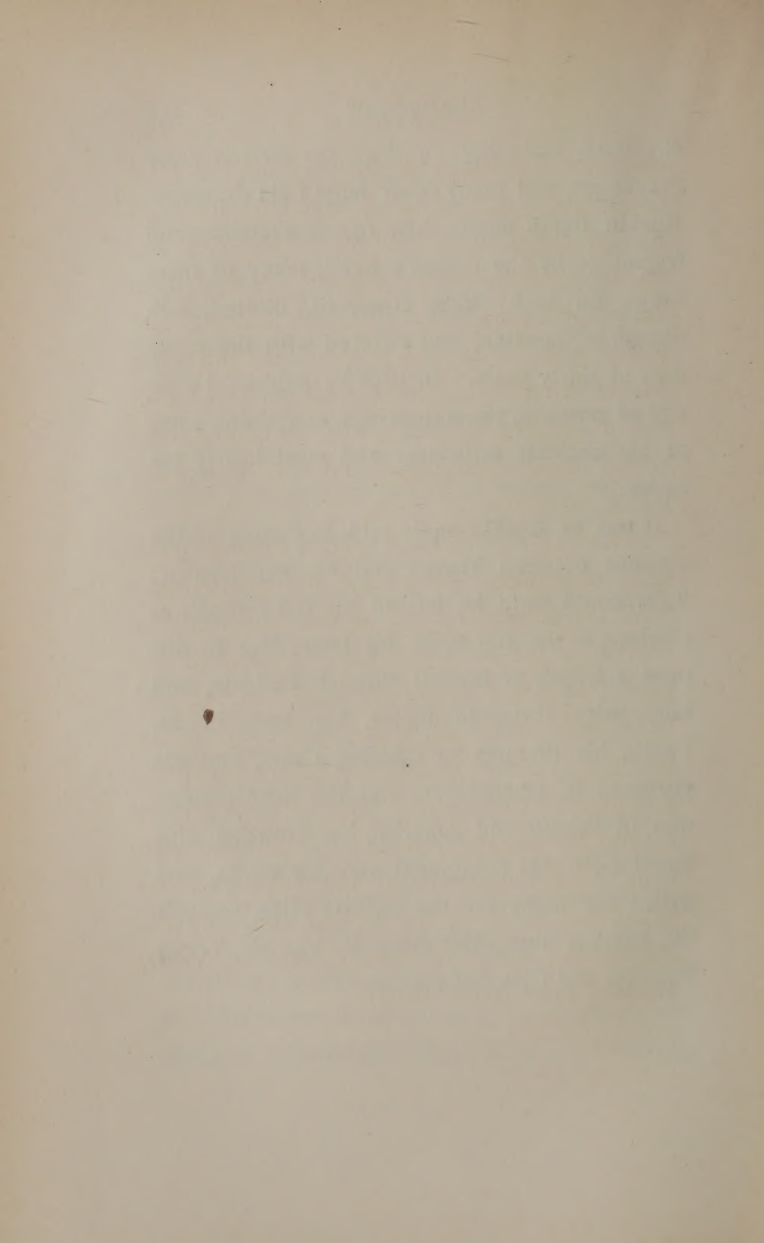
The Turner Fund, as now administered by the Royal Academy, gives an annuity of £50 each to six poor and broken-down artists, not members of the Academy.

The superb gift of Turner to the British nation includes 98 finished paintings, and 270 pictures in various stages of progress. 247 of his note and sketch books, with from 50 to 90 pages each, drawn on both sides, are now preserved in the British Museum.

Ruskin was delegated to arrange and classify the Turner drawings, and divided them into three classes, — finished water-color drawings, 135 in number, including 57 to illustrate Rogers's poems, 45 of the rivers of France, and 23 of the harbors and rivers of England ; light sketches and fragments in color, 1,757 in number ; and pencil or pen-and-ink sketches, of more definite

character, including 50 drawings for the *Liber Studiorum*, and many other large folio drawings. Ruskin found more than 19,000 sketches and fragments by the master's hand, many of them drawn on both sides, crumpled, blotted, mildewed, worm-eaten, and covered with the sooty dust of thirty years. In 1858 he published a series of notes on these drawings, containing some of his choicest criticisms and most hearty eulogies.

It was as Ruskin sadly said, in casting up the account between Turner and his countrymen: "*He* could only be left to his quiet death at Chelsea, — the sun upon his face; *they* to dispose a length of funeral through Ludgate, and bury, with threefold honor, his body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery." But the next generation, in Britain and America, has crowned with laurel both his monument and his works, and writes his name on the highest cliffs towards the sunrise, alongside those of Van de Velde, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine.



A LIST OF THE
CHIEF PAINTINGS OF J. M. W. TURNER,

WITH THEIR DATES OF EXECUTION, AND THEIR PRESENT
LOCATIONS.

** * The list of pictures bequeathed to the National Gallery is here given, and includes 115 canvases, among which are the master's noblest works. A few other collections are also spoken of; but the majority of Turner's paintings are not catalogued, since they belong to simple esquires and citizens, and are continually changing hands. The pictures in New York, and at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, are omitted here, for the same reason.*

LONDON.

South Kensington Museum, — The Sun rising in Mist, 1807; Dido building Carthage, 1815; Portrait of himself; Moonlight, 1797; Cattle in Water; Buttermere Lake, 1798; Morning on the Coniston Fells, 1798; Rizpah; Clapham Common; View in Wales, Harlech Castle, 1799; A Sea Piece; The Tenth Plague, 1802; Jason, 1808; Calais Pier; The Holy Family, 1803; Destruction of Sodom; View of a Town; The Shipwreck; The Garden of the Hesperides; A Blacksmith's Shop, 1807; The Death of Nelson; Spithead, 1809; The Garreteer's Petition, 1809; Greenwich Hospital; St. Mawes, Cornwall; Abingdon, Berkshire; Windsor, 1811; A Ruin, with Cat-

tle ; Apollo and the Python, 1811 ; The Avalanche ; Hannibal crossing the Alps, 1812 ; Kingston Bank, Frosty Morning, 1813 ; The Deluge, 1813 ; Dido and Æneas, 1814 ; Apuleia in Search of Apuleius, 1814 ; Bligh Sand, 1815 ; Crossing the Brook, 1815 ; The Decline of Carthage, 1817 ; The Field of Waterloo, 1818 ; Orange Merchantman going to Pieces, 1819 ; Richmond Hill, 1819 ; Rome, from the Vatican, 1820 ; Rome, the Arch of Titus, 1826 ; The Bay of Baïæ, 1823 ; Carthage, 1828 ; Scene from Boccaccio, 1828 ; Ulysses deriding Polyphemus, 1829 ; The Loreto Necklace, 1829 ; Pilate washing his Hands, 1830 ; View of Orvieto, 1830 ; Caligula's Palace and Bridge, 1831 ; The Vision of Medea, 1831 ; Watteau Painting, 1831 ; Lord Percy under Attainder, 1831 ; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage — Italy, 1832 ; The Fiery Furnace, 1832 ; Heidelberg Castle ; Regulus leaving Rome, 1837 ; Apollo and Daphne, 1837 ; Hero and Leander, 1837 ; Phryne going to the Bath, 1838 ; Agrippina, 1839 ; The Old *Téméraire* towed to her last Berth, 1839 ; Bacchus and Ariadne, 1840 ; The New Moon, 1840 ; Venice — the Bridge of Sighs, 1840 ; The Burial of Wilkie, 1842 ; War — the Exile and the Rock-Limpet, 1842 ; A Steamer in a Snow-Storm, 1842 ; The Morning after the Deluge — Light and Color, 1843 ; The Evening of the Deluge — Shade and Darkness, 1843 ; The Opening of the Walhalla, 1843 ; Approach to Venice, 1844 ; The *Sun of Venice* going to Sea, 1843 ; Port Ruysdael, 1844 ; Van Tromp, 1844 ; Rain, Steam, and Speed, 1844 ; Venice — The Giudecca, 1844 ; Venice — The Quay, 1844 ; Venice — Noon, 1845 ; Venice — Sunset ; Venice — Going to the Ball, 1845 ; Venice — Returning from the Ball, 1845 ; Whalers, 1845 ; Whalers, 1845 ; Whalers boiling Blubber, 1846 ; Queen Mab's Grotto, 1846 ; Masaniello, 1846 ; The Angel in the Sun, 1846 ; Tapping the Furnace, 1847 ;

Æneas relating his Story to Dido, 1850; Mercury sent to admonish Æneas, 1850; The Departure of the Trojan Fleet, 1850; The Visit to the Tomb, 1850; The Battle of Trafalgar; Richmond Bridge; Fire at Sea; Petworth Park, 1810; Chichester Canal; Mountain Glen; Harvest Home.

Farnley Hall (F. H. Fawkes, Esq.), — Lake of Geneva, from above Vevay, and looking towards the Valley of the Rhone, 1808-16; Pilot hailing a Smack, 1808-16; The *Victory* returning from Trafalgar, beating up Channel; Sunset on the Coast, with men-of-war at anchor, 1808-16; A Landscape; View of Dort, Holland, 1818; Rembrandt's Daughter, 1827; and several score of highly finished water-color paintings.

Petworth (Lord Leconfield), — The Thames at Eton; The Thames at Windsor; The Thames near Windsor; The Thames at Weybridge; Tabley House and Lake, Cheshire; Sea Piece — Indiaman and Man-of-War; Evening — Landscape with Cattle; Narcissus and Echo; Jessica; Merchant of Venice; Chichester Canal; The Chain Pier at Brighton; Petworth Park; The Lake in Petworth Park.

Lord Yarborough, — The Wreck of the *Minotaur*, on the Haak Sands in 1810; The Opening of the Vintage of Macon.

Charles Borrett (at London), — Embarkation of George IV.; Arch of Ancona; Venice; Wreck off Margate; Landing of Queen Adelaide; Coast View; Battle Abbey; Calais Pier; The Lisbon Earthquake; Falls of the River Dove; Swiss Cottage; Conway Castle; Dieppe Castle; The Alhambra; Highgate Church; The Wreckers; The Thames at Gravesend.

John Naylor, — Cologne, the arrival of a Packet-Boat;

Now for the Painter ; Dutch Fishing-Boats ; Dieppe - Moonlight Scene on the Tyne ; Mercury and Argus ; Rockets and Blue Lights.

Late B. G. Windus, — Dawn of Christianity ; Glaucus and Sylla.

John Hugh (Manchester), — The Grand Canal at Venice ; The Mouth of the Maas ; A Sea Piece.

Sir John T. Hippisley, — Folkestone ; Scene on the Borders of Wales.

Late Munro Collection, — Cicero's Villa ; Ancient Italy ; The Green Buoy ; Rotterdam ; The Forum ; The Avalanche ; Modern Italy ; Loch Katrine ; Venice by Moonlight, with Illuminations ; Venus and Adonis.

Late Bicknell Collection, — Calder Bridge ; Campo Santo, at Venice, 1842 ; Venice, the Giudecca, 1841 ; Ehrenbreitstein, 1827 ; Wreckers on the Coast of Northumberland, 1834 ; Van Goyen looking for a Subject, Antwerp, 1883 ; Palestine, 1830 ; Port Ruysdael, 1827 ; Ivy Bridge, Devon ; Briel, on the River Maas.

Late Gillott Collection, — Going to the Ball, Venice ; Returning from the Ball, Venice ; Calais Sands ; Rosenau ; Kilgarren Castle ; Kilgarren, and the River ; A Rocky River ; On the Thames ; The Source of Tamar ; Patterdale ; Powis Castle ; Windermere ; Brentburn Priory ; Zurich ; Hastings Beach ; Heidelberg ; Ehrenbreitstein ; Bamborough Castle.

Greenwich Hospital, — The Battle of Trafalgar.

Soane Museum, — Van Tromp entering the Texel.

Bridgewater Gallery, — Fishermen endeavoring to put their Fish on Board.

Newton House, — View of Raby Castle.

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LANDSEER

PREFACE.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER discovered the dog, or at least perceived and revealed to the world unknown traits of the canine character, and gave new and nobler ideas thereof to all Anglo-Saxondom. In the great mines of Art, worked over by myriads for half a millennium, he sought out an untouched lode and happily found and explored it, to the perennial delight of unnumbered peoples, from the palaces of smoky and magnificent London to the shepherd-huts of remote Colorado and Australia. No artist, from the days of Giotto to those of Millais, has become so quickly and universally famous by means of countless reproductions of his works, scattered broadcast, as they are, through all the wide continents and islands where the language of Shakespeare and Macaulay pursues its conquering way.

The urbane old bachelor, surrounded by his rabble of dogs, was the chief character amid the resi-

dents of St. John's Wood, and often received at his house the most noble of the men of England, whether they bore coronets, or pens, or brushes. Landseer's social life, as distinguished from his artistic career, has not yet been described, and we wait for the kindly attention of a Tom Taylor to do it justice.

The present biographical sketch is based upon Mr. Algernon Graves's admirable "Catalogue of the Works of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.," Mr. F. G. Stephens's "Memoirs of Sir Edwin Landseer," and the large illustrated books written by Mr. W. Cosmo Monkhouse, and describing the artist's pictures. In connection with these, I have hunted through the biographies of Haydon, Robinson, Wilkie, Leslie, Scott, Bewick, Turner, and other contemporaries, in search of facts about Landseer's personal life, in respect to which the books above noted are deplorably meagre. The biography of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria's Journal have also been examined, for the same purpose; and the essays of Ruskin, Rossetti, Palgrave, and other British critics.

M. F. SWEETSER.

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LANDSEER.



CHAPTER I.

The Goldsmith's Family. — John Landseer. — The Artist's Brothers. —
A Student of Nature. — Haydon's Instruction.

THE trade of the goldsmith and jeweler is intimately connected with the higher branches of art, and many are the famous painters who have taken their first lessons in design under the direction of its skillful craftsmen. Especially is this connection apparent in the department of engraving, which, during its earlier stages, was practiced by the goldsmiths as a part of their business. Familiarity with the properties and capabilities of the metals is equally requisite in each profession, and he who can design and work silver and copper into jewelry finds it not difficult to operate upon plates of those metals with the needle and graver.

It was by this natural development from one profession to another and cognate one that the Landseer family attained to its eminent position in the world of art. The grandfather of our artist was a well-to-do jeweler in London, about the middle of the last century, and recognized the high value of the more exalted departments of design. He was on intimate terms with his fellow-craftsman Peter Romilly, a wealthy descendant of a Huguenot family which fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The jeweler's son, John Landseer, was born at London, in 1761, or else (as another good authority reports) at Lincoln, in 1769. His taste for art was developed at an early age, and claimed such consideration that his father placed him under the instruction of William Byrne, a famous landscape-engraver, who had produced the "Views of the Lakes of Cumberland," "Italian Scenery," Wilson's "Niagara," and many engravings after Claude, Vernet, Turner, and other artists. Afterwards, Aliamet was induced to give lessons to the youth; and through him the art-lineage of Edwin Landseer

as an engraver extends back almost to the Reformation. Theodore Cuernhert, who was born in 1522, taught the profession to Crispin de Pass, who communicated it to his three sons, William and Simon, both of whom went to England, and Crispin the younger, the teacher of the famous Cornelius Bloemaert. From the latter the craft was inherited by the great Audran family, in the person of Charles of that name, from whom it passed to his brother Claude; thence to Claude's son Gerard, and his grandson Jean. The last named transmitted it to Nicholas Tardieu, who taught J. P. Le Bas, the master of Aliamet; and the latter taught John Landseer, the instructor of his three boys.

The sons of the two friendly jewelers, Samuel Romilly and John Landseer, continued the intimacy in which their fathers had lived. The former seems to have taken a great interest in art, for he attended the lectures of Dr. Hunter and James Barry at the Royal Academy, and doubtless those also of his friend John, even after he had become one of the most famous lawyers in the United Kingdom, and won the distinction of knighthood.

John Landseer engraved the pictures for Moore's "Twenty Views in the South of Scotland;" a set of plates of the drawings of animals by the Dutch masters, Rembrandt, Rubens, and others; and several from the pictures of Turner and the English artists. After his highly successful lectures before the Royal Institution, he was elected to fill one of the six Associate-Engraverships in the Royal Academy, and accepted, with the declaration that he should devote himself to rectifying the anomalous and subordinate position in which engravers were kept by the Academicians. But he was unsuccessful in these efforts, and met with several rebuffs from the officers of the institution.

The chief work of John Landseer was published in 1807, and bore the title of "Lectures on the Art of Engraving," embodying a series of discourses delivered at the Royal Institution, and still highly respected for its valuable exposition of the principles and practice of that branch of art. The members of the profession which John Landseer had thus benefited were not ungrateful, and by their works aided his son

to the greater part of his fame and fortune. No British artist, perhaps none of any nation, owes so much of his popularity to engravings as Landseer does.

When the famous Alderman Boydell was engaged in publishing his great edition of Shakespeare, with costly illustrations by Reynolds and other eminent artists, he met with a hot rivalry from Macklin, who endeavored to outdo the new Shakespeare by an even more sumptuous illustrated Bible. Among the engravers in his service was the young John Landseer, and through his intimacy with the spirited publisher, John was introduced to his future wife. Macklin had induced Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint several pictures for his new work, and among these was an Arcadian family scene, called 'The Cottagers,' or 'The Gleaners,' wherein Macklin and his wife and daughter are portrayed, enjoying the happiness of domestic life before a cosy rustic cottage, while near them stands the beautiful Miss Pott, one of their dearest friends, bearing a sheaf of corn on her head. Not long afterwards John Landseer met this charming gleaner at Macklin's house, and paid his court

to her to such purpose that they were soon married. From this artistic union came three daughters and three sons, — Thomas, born in 1795, Charles, in 1799, and Edwin, in 1802.

Queen Anne Street, the dull, decorous, almost dismal thoroughfare in the region of Cavendish Square, can never be without honor from all lovers of art and of England, for there was the home of Turner, and the studio in which the great landscape-painter executed his most noble works. Greater claim even than that may the gloomy street advance for the respect of lovers of art, since in the building numbered 83, and then occupied by John Landseer, the engraver, Edwin Landseer was born, on or about the 7th of March, 1802. His baptismal name was Edwin Henry, but the latter part of it was soon dropped, and is not known during his future life.

The artistic proclivities of the child Edwin manifested themselves during his tenderest years, and were carefully watched and wisely directed by his father. As soon as he could hold a pencil steadily, the child was taken to the fields on Hampstead Heath, and set to work

drawing from the sheep, goats, donkeys, and cattle which were pastured there in great numbers. The animals were in a kind of semi-savage condition, — by no means tame and docile, yet equally far from wildness and fierceness.

As late as the year 1850 John Landseer showed William Howitt an ancient stile on the Finchley Road, near the corner of West End Lane, and a little below Frognal parish church, and said that many a time he had lifted his boy Edwin over it, so that he could sketch the cattle in the two fields beyond. Three or four years after Edwin's birth, the family had moved to Foley Street; and nearly all the way between Marylebone and Hampstead was then open fields. The neighborhood above alluded to was a picturesque region of oak-trees, forming a favorite walking-ground for the Landseer children. Says the father: "One day when I had accompanied them, Edwin stopped by this stile to admire some sheep and cows which were quietly grazing. At his request I lifted him over, and finding a scrap of paper and a pencil in my pocket I made him sketch a cow. He was very young indeed then, — not more

than six or seven years old. After this we came on several occasions, and as he grew older this was one of his favorite spots for sketching. He would start off alone, or with John or Charles, and remain till I fetched him in the afternoon. I would then criticise his work, and make him correct defects before we left the spot. Sometimes he would sketch in one field, sometimes in the other, but generally in the one beyond the old oak we see there, as it was more pleasant and sunny."

It is thus evident that from his earliest days young Landseer was placed in the closest communion with Nature, and taught to regard her teachings, and no others, as the rule for his future guidance. A large number of these juvenile sketches of animals were preserved by the child's father, and are now carefully guarded at the South-Kensington Museum. Some of them were done when Edwin was in his fifth year, and prove that even then he was skillful in drawing, and a sagacious student of the characters of animals. As Monkhouse has well said, drawing seemed an organic power with him, and his hand was from the first as nat-

urally sympathetic to his eye as the voice of a born songstress is to the ear.

These early achievements of Master Edwin included not only pointers, mastiffs, and spaniels, horses and donkeys, sheep, and all kinds of cattle, but also lions and other wild beasts, and several pictures of hogs and boars. His progress was justly regarded as phenomenal, and was referred to now and then in the current "*Annals of Art* ;" while "*The Sporting Magazine*" was glad to get his drawings for publication. The resources upon which he made requisition were inexhaustible, since he continued to draw directly from Nature, without reference to copies of any kind, and thus laid the foundations for his marvelous knowledge of animal life and character.

While Edwin was yet scarcely more than an infant he learned the process of etching, which he carried to great perfection in later years. One plate, done in his eighth year, contains heads of a donkey, three sheep, and a boar, with two donkeys, all of which are done with wonderful skill, and with but slight mistakes in drawing. Several other remarkable sketches

and etchings of this period are still preserved, representing life-like bulls, maternal cows, and solemn little calves, profoundly ruminating. The earliest of these dates from 1809, when Edwin was but seven years old, and shows the heads of a lion and tiger, the latter of which the little fellow drew from a live tiger, in the menagerie at Exeter Change.

The Landseers were then dwelling in Foley Street, not far from Haydon's studio, and in the same quarter of London in which lived West, Mulready, Stothard, Banks, Chalon, Collins, Northcote, Constable, Flaxman, Shee, our own Allston and Leslie, and many other notable sculptors and painters. In this vicinity was Burlington House, where the Elgin Marbles were kept at that time, and the Landseer boys derived great and continuing benefit from the close study which they gave to those glorious specimens of Athenian art. Their contemplation was powerfully instrumental in forming Edwin's style correctly on the best classic models, and the fruits of these early impressions may be perceived in some of the most famous of his later works.

Thomas Landseer may almost be called the colleague of his gifted brother, a large part of whose fame is due to his skillful brain and exquisite sympathy. He learned the art of engraving from his father, and usually practiced the mezzotint manner, as best adapted to the subjects of his choice, although he executed many plates also in line-engraving. Hundreds of Edwin's designs were engraved and widely popularized by Thomas, in single plates and in illustrations for various sporting publications and books about animals. One of his most famous works is the fine mezzotint of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' In 1871 he published an excellent biography of the Northumbrian artist, William Bewick.

Charles Landseer was three years older than Edwin. While yet a young man he made journeys in Portugal and Brazil, in the suite of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, and brought back a great number of interesting studies and sketches. He became an exhibitor at the Royal Academy in 1828, an Associate in 1837, and an Academician in 1845. From 1851 until 1871 he was

Keeper of the Royal Academy, and resigned the office in the latter year.

The first artist with whom Edwin came in effective contact was the eccentric and egotistic Haydon, who became, in a certain sense, his master. He had just exhibited his greatest painting, 'The Judgment of Solomon,' — which Landseer afterwards bought as a memento of the old teacher, — and was engaged on 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.' His success was great, and certainly no one could have foreseen his subsequent hapless fortune and tragic death. Haydon thus oddly describes his connection with our subject: "In 1815 Mr. Landseer, the engraver, had brought his boys to me, and said, 'When do you let your beard grow, and take pupils?' I said, 'If my instructions are useful and valuable, now.' 'Will you let my boys come?' I said, 'Certainly.' Charles and Thomas, it was immediately arranged, should come every Monday, when I was to give them lessons for the week. Edwin took my dissections of the lion, and I advised him to dissect animals — the only mode of acquiring [a knowledge of] their construction — as I had dissected

men, and as I should make his brother do. This very incident generated in me a desire to form a school; and as the Landseers made rapid progress, I resolved to communicate my system to other young men, and endeavor to establish a better and more regular system of instruction than even the Academy afforded."

Haydon states that he once told his pupil George Lance: "Still life will be your forte; you must be the Weenix of English art." And to Landseer he said: "Study animals, and be the Snyders of England."

Edwin and his brother were for a long time engaged in drawing in chalk from the cartoon of 'The Beautiful Gate,' among Haydon's pupils; and they were included in the satirical print of 'The Master in the Grand Style, and his Pupils,' which was published in derision of poor Haydon's methods of teaching and execution. Among the disciples of this eccentric master were Eastlake, Bewick, Lance, and Harvey, of whom Haydon wrote: "All these young men looked up to me as their instructor and their friend. I took them under my care, taught them everything I knew, explained the

principles of Raphael's works in my collection of his prints, and did the same thing over again which I had done to Eastlake, without one shilling of payment from them, any more than from him. They improved rapidly. The gratitude of themselves and of their friends knew no bounds."

The rugged and crotchety old Haydon won the love and respect of his pupils of the Landseer family, and was always remembered by them with kindness. When they were about to leave his studio, they prepared a copy of one of the great cartoons, which they presented to him as a parting memento.

CHAPTER II.

**The Royal Academy. — John Landseer's Works. — The Beaumont
Sunshine. — The Dead Lion. — A Group of Pictures**

JOHN LANDSEER had taught his son to closely observe the external aspect of Nature, and Haydon showed him how to comprehend her less obvious properties, by the aid of the dissecting-knife. Thus the way was prepared for the highest achievements in realistic painting, and the native energy and sympathy of the young student accomplished the rest. He did not go to Italy, the great finishing school of so many of his contemporaries, since his art came not from the study of Raphael, but, as a witty Englishman once said, "from a healthy love of Scotch terriers."

There were many painters of animals before Landseer's day, masters of high fame, who worked out their conceptions of the humbler forms of life with ability and skill. What could be finer than the cattle which Paul Potter

painted, the aristocratic dogs of Van Dyck, the horses of Leonardo, and the ferocious wild beasts of Snyders? But the English master was the first to make a distinct branch of art which considers animals in their relations to man, as his servants, friends, companions, and imitators; and this delineation of themes which had become very dear and familiar in real life placed Landseer in the most intimate and sympathetic relations with the masses of the people.

In 1815, when he was thirteen years old, Master Edwin appeared as an honorary exhibitor at the Royal Academy, sending two simple portraits, the one of a mule, the other of a dog and puppy. These animals were the property of Mr. W. H. Simpson, of Beleigh Grange, Essex, who was for many years one of the artist's best friends and patrons. In this same year another lad, Master J. Hayter, afterwards a celebrated portrait-painter, sent to the Academy Exhibition a picture entitled 'The Cricketer,' whose subject was the young Landseer.

The exhibition of pictures at the Royal Academy, thus happily begun, was well continued by the master, who sent his works there annually

for the next fifty-eight years, and missed but six years in all that time.

A year later, and another and more notable portrait was made of the juvenile animal-painter, by Leslie, the famous American artist. He was then living with Allston on Fitzroy Square, next door to the house of Flaxman, and, in working out his favorite themes from English poetical history, had at this time chosen to represent a scene from the third part of Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," where Clifford murders young Rutland. The latter character was a portrait of Edwin Landseer, kneeling, and with a rope around his wrists. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and afterwards passed into the gallery of the Philadelphia Academy.

Leslie, in his autobiography, speaks of his model as, at that time, "a curly-headed youngster, dividing his time between Polito's wild beasts at Exeter Change and the Royal Academy schools."

Edwin was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy during this year, although he had become already famous for his genius in painting animals. He was then a gentle and graceful

lad, full of manliness and character, and with his bright face crowned by light curling hair. Fuseli, the venerable keeper of the Academy, was much pleased with his diligence, and would often look around after him, saying: "Where is my little *dog boy*?"

The Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colors exhibited in the Great Room at Spring Gardens, in 1816, and Landseer sent to their gallery a study of a dog's head. At the same time he was engaged on two pictures of Persian cats, whose originals he had seen at Maldon.

Among the finest of Landseer's dog-pictures was the one exhibited in 1817, a portrait of a Great St. Bernard mastiff, a noble animal, which was over six feet long when but a year old. His steadfast eyes, hanging jowl, broad chest, muscular legs, and dignified air are admirably set forth in the portrait, which Stephens thinks was never surpassed even by the artist himself. A live dog was once admitted into the room with this picture, and was greatly excited when he perceived it.

In the same year Edwin exhibited, at the Royal Academy, a portrait of 'Brutus,' a wise-

looking and grizzly muzzled old dog belonging to Mr. Simpson. A little picture of the same animal, intended for the top of a snuff-box, had been painted by the lad, two years before. Brutus's son was presented to Edwin, and became his favorite dog, frequently acting as a model for the young master. He was a tough and wiry-looking animal, white-haired, short-tailed, and very pugnacious, as appears in one of his pictures, where he is pluckily preparing to give battle to a bull-pup which is approaching his stable-home.

In 1817 John Landseer published a book entitled "*Observations on the Engraved Gems brought from Babylon to England by Abraham Lockett, Esq., considered with Reference to Scripture History,*" advancing the view now generally accepted that the relics in question were royal signets, and not talismans or amulets. Another work on the same theme, and entitled "*Sabæan Researches,*" was afterwards issued by the venerable writer. He had become disgusted with art when the Royal Academy refused to elevate engravers to full membership, and thereupon turned his attention to

archæology and other studies. About this time he made twenty plates for the unsuccessful "Antiquities of Dacca," — a work which was never completed.

After Edwin had exhibited his wonderful picture of 'Fighting Dogs getting Wind,' at Spring Gardens, in 1818, and Leigh Hunt's coterie had sounded its praises in the strongest terms, Sir George Beaumont bought the painting, and removed it to Coleorton. Now Sir George was the most eminent dilettant in England, at that time, and set the fashions in art, insomuch that painters whose works he bought or praised immediately rose to fame, while those whose manners he disliked had a long up-hill struggle. Our Allston was one of the favored ones; and Turner stood among those who were under the Beaumont ban. Wilkie was another of Sir George's favorites, and, by virtue of that bond of union, he soon began to notice Edwin's pictures, and give them high praise. Quaintly enough he sometimes expressed himself, as when, in writing to Haydon, he said: "Young Landseer's jackasses are also good." This alludes to 'A Donkey,' which the lad exhibited at the Academy in 1818.

In 1818 Edwin also painted a portrait of an old white horse in a stable, for the Right Hon. H. Pierrepont, but it disappeared from the studio, and could not be found. Twenty-four years later it was discovered in a hayloft, where it had been hidden by a dishonest servant, and a note was sent to the patron, explaining the occurrence and saying that the artist had not retouched it, "thinking it better to leave my early style unmingled with that of my old age." When Pierrepont asked its price, he answered that it would be ten guineas, the price which he had been accustomed to receive at the time when it was painted.

'The Cat disturbed' was exhibited in 1819, and represents a dismayed tabby chased to the upper part of a stable by a dog. Dr. Waagen said that "this picture exhibits a power of coloring and a solidity of execution recalling such masters as Snyders and Fyt." These earlier works indeed possess a much greater solidity and depth than are perceptible in the later productions of the master, and are thus superior in vigor and spirit. Contemporary with the above-named picture were several others of spaniels,

terriers, Newfoundlands, and Marlborough dogs ; and the group of three canines called 'The Braggart,' and graphically representing England, Scotland, and Ireland.

About this time the lion in the Exeter-Change menagerie died, and young Landseer succeeded in getting its body, which he carefully dissected. The results of these singular studies were the famous pictures, each nearly eight feet long, of 'A Lion disturbed at his Repast,' 'A Lion enjoying his Repast,' and 'A Prowling Lion,' all of which were sent to the Exhibitions. Thus Haydon's advice was quickly acted upon, and not without good results. The honors of Landseer's pencil were also claimed, during the same year, by wolves, vultures, goats, donkeys, deer, dogs, and horses, manifesting a goodly versatility in a youth of eighteen.

'The Rat-Catchers,' the chief picture of 1821, shows an exciting scene in an old barn, where four eager dogs are waging war against the rodents beneath. The advanced guard of the canine assailants is a small dog, who has already burrowed so deep through the broken floor and earth below that but little more than

his tail is visible, and that is quivering with frantic excitement and rage. Several dead rats lie on the floor, and the other three dogs are watching the advance of their pioneer with fierce and glittering eyes, and limbs tense for a spring. This very successful picture was engraved by Thomas Landseer, in 1823. The three expectant dogs are portraits of Landseer's own pets, Brutus, Vixen, and Boxer, and the subject was so taking that it was repeated two or three times in pictures which are still preserved. The chief of the remaining works of this year were 'Intruding Puppies,' painted for Lord de Tabley; 'An Old English Bloodhound,' a portrait of a famous dog of Woburn, and 'Pointers, To-ho!' a brilliant hunting-scene, which was engraved for "The Sporting Magazine." In 1872 the 'Pointers, To-ho!' was sold for £2,016, at the dispersion of the Gilloitt collection. When Sir David Wilkie wrote to Sir George Beaumont, describing this season's Exhibition, he said: "Ward, Etty, Stark, Crome, and Landseer are successful, but in no great work." This was the same year in which Martin received the Academy prize of £200 for his

picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' a composition whose design had been suggested to the artist by our Allston.

1822 was a memorable year for the young artist, for then he received the £150 premium of the British Institution for his picture of 'The Larder invaded.' The original sketch for this famous work was made on a school-boy's slate, which is still preserved and has a great value. Eighteen other pictures issued from Landseer's studio this year, among which were 'The Watchful Sentinel,' a large black dog standing guard over a pile of packages; several lion-pictures, including the famous lioness and her canine foster-mother; and a group of Devonshire cattle.

About this time Wilkie wrote to Beaumont, deploring the prevalence of a niggling touch in the painting of the contemporary artists, and saying also: "I have been warning our friend Collins against this, and was also urging young Landseer to beware of it." The practice to which the great Scottish painter thus objected was the outgrowth of a desire for minute and delicate finish, and interfered with a proper

breadth of treatment. Landseer was addicted to this over-nicety of execution during his earlier years, and often elaborated backgrounds with a painstaking care and fidelity which left behind even the Pre-Raphaelites.

The most famous of Landseer's early pictures is 'The Cat's Paw,' a dark-toned composition representing the interior of a laundry-room, with a roaring fire in the stove, and a mischievous monkey firmly holding a cat, and using her paw to push certain tempting hot chestnuts from the top of the stove. The unfortunate feline is squalling and struggling vigorously, but to no purpose, while her kittens are mewling spitefully above. This picture was sold for £100, and is now kept at Cashiobury, the seat of the Earl of Essex. Its present value is over £3,000.

There were about a score of pictures painted this year, including several portraits of the master's dogs and other pets, horses, trout-fishing, hunting, and a group of four children of the Bedford family. Mr. de Merle also had his dog Lion portrayed, and paid £50 for the picture. Lion was a powerful animal, good-tempered, yet valiant, and his exploits are still

remembered and chronicled with great admiration. Another picture represented a singular cross between a dog and fox, which Sir Edwin once showed to a friend, saying: "That was rather a strange animal. They call it a fox-dog. I painted it many years ago. It was exactly like him." Thereupon he threw the canvas out of the window, and carelessly remarked: "You may have it, if you will take the trouble to fetch it." The visitor hastened to get this queerly bestowed gift, and extricated it from the branches of a tree into which it had fallen.

CHAPTER III.

A New Inspiration. — The Scottish Highlands. — Leslie. — Sir Walter Scott. — The Breezy Heaths. — Deer-Stalking.

ABOUT the time that Landseer attained his majority, he became at once acquainted with the nobles and the Highlands, and the marked animalism of his earlier manner was replaced by a more human feeling, to which even the wild deer of Glen Tilt were made in some degree to conform. The period between 1824 and 1840 was clear and distinct in its traits, illustrating the perfect balancing of the parallel lives of the artist and the man, and their fruitful harmony in all good works. The flush of vigorous existence and the joy of glowing health were united with the keenest artistic sympathies, and the teeming brain and quick eye were admirably seconded by the skillful hand.

In all its phases of human and animal life, wild scenery of mountain and pass, and rare

beauty of loch and heathery hill, the Highland region of Scotland was discovered to art by Landseer. He was uniformly successful in the treatment of the widely differing phases of the glad, breezy, and semi-savage life of the far north, and the homes and customs of the untamed clans. For nearly fifty years he continued to draw fresh subjects for his pencil from the classic hills of North Britain.

In the year 1824 Landseer was introduced to the glorious scenery and congenial themes of the most picturesque part of Great Britain, and afterwards manifested his constant admiration thereof by annual visits for many years. His first tour in Scotland was made under the most favorable auspices, with Charles R. Leslie and Sir Walter Scott as companions. Scott was in London soon after the young artist's successful exhibition of 'The Cat's Paw,' and was so charmed with his skill in depicting animal life and expression that he induced him to visit Abbotsford that season. Leslie was painting Scott's portrait (now in the Ticknor mansion, at Boston) at this time, and found great difficulty in making his illustrious subject sit, for

the Wizard of the North had more inclination for wandering about the fields with his "doggies," in pursuit of rabbits and other small game. With a good-natured serio-comic petulance, the American painter prophesied that Landseer "will make himself very popular, both with master and mistress of the house, by sketching their doggies for them."

The overflowing life of the young master's delineations was thus noticed by Sir Walter Scott, in his journal: "Landseer's dogs were the most magnificent things I ever saw, leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas."

It was late in the year when Leslie and Landseer made their journey to the Highlands, reaching the Scottish capital by the London and Leith steamer. They visited Glasgow, and then explored the fascinating beauties of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, after which they walked through the hill-country to Loch Earn. There they found the Gaelic clans assembled for their annual games, under the patronage of Lord Gwydr, and observed their picturesque broad-sword exercises, dancing, and other char-

acteristic athletic pastimes. They also traversed Loch Earn in a large boat, rowed by Highlanders, who regaled the artists with stories of the fairies of the loch, and other weird legends.

Gilbert S. Newton, the famous Nova-Scotia painter, joined them at Edinburgh, and after the visit to the Gaelic assembly at Loch Earn they continued the pilgrimage to Stirling, and then to the land of Burns and the Brigs of Ayr. During the same season Landseer was present at the dinner which the Edinburgh artists gave to Sir David Wilkie.

Many years later Landseer exhibited a picture bearing the title 'Extract from a Journal whilst at Abbotsford,' with the following words: "Found the great poet in his study, laughing at a Collie dog playing with Maida, his favorite old greyhound, given him by Glengarry, and quoting Shakespeare, — 'Crabbed old age and youth cannot agree.' On the floor was a cover of a proof-sheet, sent for correction by Constable, of the novel then in progress. N. B. This took place before he was the acknowledged author of the 'Waverley Novels.'"

Landseer was one of those who suspected

Scott of the Waverley achievements, long before they were claimed by him ; and he doubtless found reasons for this belief while sojourning at Abbotsford.

From this visit also grew the famous picture of 'A Scene at Abbotsford,' which the Duke of Bedford presented to Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. Foremost among the canine figures in this composition is the venerable and decrepit Maida, the favorite dog of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the most celebrated of his species. Six weeks after the picture was painted the old dog died.

After these visits to the north, Landseer's works showed the influence of a new inspiration, with a greater breadth of treatment, and more of the wild freedom of the hills. Moreover, he had been affected by the thoughts and fancies of Sir Walter Scott, insomuch that thereafter he painted many Scottish themes and romantic subjects, such as he had not before attempted. The powerful influence of the great poet and novelist was brought to bear upon the most impressible years of the young artist, and had a noble effect in winning him

to a higher level of endeavor than that of portraying pet game-dogs and poodles. Many of the most notable works of the great animal-painter are filled with the bracing air of the Highlands. As an eminent British critic has wisely said: "No school was ever more delightful to the pupil or more successful in the results of its teaching than Scotland to Landseer. From the time that he first saw it, a change was observable in the man and his work: it taught him his true power; it freed his imagination; it braced up all his loose ability; it elevated and refined his mind; it developed his latent poetry; it completed his education."

Seeing and feeling as earnestly as he did, Landseer also became deeply interested in the types of human life that he found beyond the Tweed, and enjoyed alike their humor and their pathos. Thus he portrayed, with equal skill and sympathy, the illicit distiller, the poacher, the gillie, and the lonely shepherd; and represented the Gaelic men as tender and true in their homes, and hard and fearless upon the heathery hills and the gusty lochs.

So many were the game-birds and animals

that Landseer painted, and so accurate were his portrayals of hunting-scenes, that it was naturally supposed, by most people, that he was a keen sportsman. This, however, was not the case, since, although he delighted to tramp over the moors and hills in quest of wild animals, the sketch-book was always held as more important than the gun. Ewen Cameron, a forest-keeper of Glencoe, was taken out on Landseer's first shooting excursion, and attended him for twenty-four years afterwards. He said that the Highland gillies were often deeply disgusted at being led over the moors all day, with more sketching than shooting. Once they grumbled to each other dreadfully, in their own language; "but," says Cameron, "Sir Edwin must have had some Gaelic in him, for he was *that angry* for the rest of the day, it made them very careful of speaking Gaelic in his hearing after." The gillies were amazed beyond measure, one day, when a magnificent stag was bounding towards their master's shooting-covert, to have Landseer thrust his gun into their hands, with a "Here! take! take this!" while he hastily pulled out

his sketch-book to pencil a reminiscence of the glorious creature. At first, the master was a poor shot, but he improved very much as he grew older. Cameron said: "One day Sir Edwin had the laugh at all the party, for, knowing that he was not the best of shots, they had deliberately posted him where the herd was not expected, when it so happened that the greater number of the stags went his way, and he made by far the biggest bag of the party; in fact, we found him surrounded with dead stags lying all about."

His life was healthy, vigorous, and breezy, growing from within rather than moulded from without, less artistic than natural, altogether unacademic, and hardly even self-controlled. His habits in London were those of a modern gentleman, urbane, affable, and guided by circumstances rather than governing them; but this brilliant society life was annually diversified by visits to the mansions and hunting-lodges of the nobles in Scotland, where he joined eagerly in the pleasures of the chase, or decorated the walls of the houses with appropriate frescos, or portrayed his hosts with their children and pets.

Landseer was an enthusiastic admirer of deer-stalking, which he ranked above all other sports, calling it a battle between the intelligence of man and brute. Yet his chief enjoyment was not connected with the shooting, but rather with the life and homes of the animals, and he always held the pencil more closely than the rifle. Monkhouse has thus beautifully expressed the master's feeling: "It was the mystery of the mountains and the clouds and mists of Scotland, the awfulness of their solitude, the terror of their sudden and magnificent displays of Nature's power, their incomprehensibility, their defiance of the power of man, their sacred splendor of light and shade and color, that made the deer and the eagle, to whom this almost supernatural world was a home and a condition of existence, the animals which of all others were the most suggestive of thought as to the relations between the Maker and the made, and that boundless history of man, in which the history of the individual is but an atom."

What Dürer expressed in his *Melencholia* Landseer illustrated with his wild deer, who served

to set forth his ideas of philosophical necessity, the awarding of pain and pleasure, and the inscrutability of the decrees of Providence. In almost all his heads of deer there is an expression of sensitiveness, grandeur, and pain, as if he foreshadowed their fate, and pitied them from the depths of his heart. In the light of the catastrophe which is some time coming, their expression clearly says, *Morituri salutamus*, and the sympathy of the artist appears in every lineament. With the dogs and the chickens he can jest and be merry, but the antlered kings of the moors call forth deeper and sadder sentiments. The deer, so grand in his isolation, so gentle and graceful, so valiant and strong, is never approached by man except as a destroyer, and all its fascinations and noble traits are held only at the mercy of the rifle-ball. How easily do their pictures appear to us mere parables in color, wherein the valor and strength and thought of humanity are seen in their disguise, in their conflicts, flights, and saddening fate! The master looked upon the deer from "the sad hill of philosophy" alone, and saw only the tragedy into which they were moving.

CHAPTER IV.

The New Home at St. John's Wood — 'Chevy Chase.' — The Royal Academy. — 'High Life' and 'Low Life.' — 'Jack in Office.' — Birds.

ALTHOUGH Landseer had now attained the years of manhood, and was famous throughout England, he still lived in the home of his father, near Fitzroy Square, and made use of a dingy and uncarpeted painting-room, whose only furniture was two or three cheap chairs and an easel. His father managed all Edwin's business affairs, selling the pictures at prices which seemed proper to him, and receiving the money himself. The young man was quite willing to have his father assume these duties, and gladly devolved upon him their emoluments, as well as their trials. He was not a man of the world, and had no taste for the mercantile phase of his profession, which he always preferred to have some one else attend to for him. But at last it became evident that an independent estab-

lishment was necessary, and so he began to examine the neighborhood of Regent's Park, in order to find a suitable place for a new home. Very reluctantly was this task commenced, for the associations of his old home were too sweet to be lightly left behind. At last, however, he found a small house and garden, with a barn suitable for a studio, and resolved to establish himself there. But a premium of £100 was demanded for the possession of the house, and Edwin abandoned his plan as impracticable, on account of the largeness of the sum. At this juncture the friend who had been influencing him to move out of the paternal mansion advanced the amount necessary, and the change was made. The money was repaid in slow installments of £20 each.

In the house thus acquired Landseer lived for nearly fifty years, and there also he died. As his means grew better, and fresh fancies took possession of his mind, he added new parts to the house, and enlarged it in various directions. It was situated at No. 1 St. John's Wood Road, in that semi-suburban region of small villas which derived the name of St. John's Wood

from its ancient possession by the priors of the Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The artist distinguished his house by the name of Maida Vale, in pleasant allusion to the pet dog of Sir Walter Scott.

Landseer seems to have been fond of reading "Don Quixote," and evidently intended to illustrate that immortal work, as certain rude sketches attest. In 1824 he painted a picture of Sancho Panza, not quite satisfactory, with his donkey, however, admirably rendered; and a picture of the Don and Rosinante was planned, but never finished. Leslie's 'Sancho Panza' was almost contemporary, and certainly left nothing to be desired.

During the season of 1825, when Landseer was out deer-stalking, his dogs got lost while following a stag which he had wounded, and at night one of them returned to the house alone. The next day the shepherd found the dead stag, with the missing dog, completely exhausted, standing watch over him; and having notified the artist, the latter took out his drawing materials, and made the sketch for the picture of the 'Dead Stag and Deerhound.'

Among the Scottish scenes painted in 1826, the chief was the 'Chevy Chase,' which still remains in its original place at Woburn Abbey. It is an illustration of the old ballad-verse:—

“To drive the deer with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way,
The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.”

This was the only large historical painting that Landseer ever executed,—a matter which is subject for congratulation, on some accounts. The picture seems to be a reminiscence of Rubens and Snyders, a medley of ancient and modern types, with conventional figures, half-strung bows, and Flemish dogs. The horses are admirably done, and mark one of the master's highest successes in depicting equine subjects.

Another brilliant semi-mediæval work of this time was 'The Signal,' which is now owned by the Earl of Tankerville. It is a portrait of the Countess of Tankerville, standing on the ramparts of Chillingham Castle, with a bloodhound by her side. The ladies of the Bedford family were also portrayed, for the etching needle of the Duchess.

'The Dog and the Shadow' is an illustration of the old fable, and shows a dog crossing a placid stream on a fallen tree-trunk, and looking at the reflection of himself and his stolen meat in the water. The surrounding landscape is one of the most delightful bits of English scenery, carefully and highly finished in every detail, in the manner of the Pre-Raphaelite school.

As soon as he had attained the age of twenty-four years, the earliest time at which an artist can be elected, according to the laws of the institution, Edwin Landseer was chosen an Associate of the Royal Academy. But very few men have received this honor so soon, and among these have been Sir Thomas Lawrence and John Everett Millais. It has been said that the painting of 'Chevy Chase' led to the promotion of our artist, but Monkhouse believes that that mealey-picture had no influence therein.

Landseer signalized his election to the Associateship by sending to the next Exhibition the nobly composed picture of 'The Chief's Return from Deer-Stalking,' which marked also his adoption of a new manner, more broad, free, and effective than that which preceded it. The pro-

longed and deliberate studies of his earlier years, with their care and firmness, had given him a treasury of knowledge which enabled him to paint afterwards with great facility and precision, and with a dexterity which sometimes seemed indeed marvelous. 'The Chief's Return' is the first and one of the best of the works in the new manner. It represents a vigorous young Highland chieftain, attended by an ancient mountaineer, leading two shaggy ponies, one white and the other black, on which two magnificent antlered deer are bound.

'The Monkey who had seen the World' is a clever satire in colors, showing a group of unsophisticated and highly amazed anthropoids surrounding one of their race who has returned from his travels abroad. He is dressed in cocked hat and laced coat, with trousers and buckled shoes, and carries a cane in his hand and an eyeglass pendent from his neck. Thomas Baring gave 1,500 guineas for this picture, and bequeathed it to Lord Northbrook. It has been engraved several times, under various titles. The idea was so taking that later in the same year the master published twenty-four plates, entitled "Monkeyana; or, Men in Miniature."

Another picture of this time, which was engraved by John Pye, was thus described in the catalogue: "William Smith, being possessed of combativeness and animated by a love of glory, enlisted in the 101st Regiment of Foot. At the battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of July following, a cannon-ball carried off one of his legs; thus commenced and terminated William's military career. As he lay wounded on the field of battle, the dog here represented, blind with one eye, and having also a leg shattered apparently by a musket-ball, came and sat beside him, as 't were for sympathy. The dog became William's prisoner, and when a grateful country rewarded William's services by a pension and a wooden leg, he stumped about accompanied by the dog, his friend and companion. On the 15th of December, 1834, William died. His name never having been recorded in an extraordinary Gazette, this public monument, representing the dog at a moment when he was ill and reclining against the mattress on which his master died, is erected to his memory by Edwin Landseer and John Pye."

A large part of Landseer's fame and wealth

was obtained in the same way as Turner's, — from copyrights on engravings, and from book illustrations. He was seconded by a group of most skillful engravers, headed by Lewis, Cousins, and Thomas Landseer, and numbering more than a hundred and twenty-five, by whom his conceptions were brought before the people in countless thousands of copies. In the matter of touching and retouching the proofs of the plates, Sir Edwin was very careful and scrupulous, and often devoted days, or even weeks, to their correction and improvement.

A banker-poet can afford to surround his rhymes with tempting accessories of art and book-making, such as are out of the reach of his impecunious brethren, whose rolling collars are spread only in lofty garrets. When Samuel Rogers, of that ilk, published the luxurious editions of his poem of "Italy," he summoned the first artists of England to adorn its pages with their choice designs, and thus light up his placid verse by illustrations more than worthy. Turner made many, perhaps a majority, of these sketches ; and Landseer furnished a half dozen or more scenes in the lives of dogs and deer,

together with 'The Cardinal and his Cats.' In the picture of the dogs of St. Bernard, he drew the animals, and Turner put in the surrounding landscape.

Besides his illustrations for the Sporting Magazine and for Nimrod's "Sporting," the artist made several characteristic pictures, which were engraved for his own work on deer-stalking.

The earliest known portrait of Landseer by himself was painted in his twenty-seventh year, and published in "The Amulet," after being engraved by Thomas Landseer. The artist is represented in the character of a falconer.

The companion pictures of 'High Life' and 'Low Life,' which became so famous, and were engraved so often, were bequeathed by Robert Vernon to the British nation, and are now in the National Gallery, at South Kensington. The pictures are among the very least in size of all celebrated works of art, and measure only 18 x 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The 'High Life' represents a slender and gentle staghound, which has generally and incorrectly been supposed to be a portrait of Sir Walter Scott's Maida. He is sitting near a table which bears a helmet,

beyond which the battlemented tower of the castle appears through the window, while evidences of luxury and refinement are seen on all sides. 'Low Life' has for its subject a massive and brawny bull-dog, sitting in a rude stone doorway, and with one eye keeping guard over the hat, boots, and pint-pot of his master, the butcher, while the other eye is lazily blinking in the warm sunshine. He unctuously licks his fat jowls, and the evidence of his recent capital breakfast is seen in a beef-bone below the threshold. Perfect satisfaction is apparent in every line of his ponderous square head, but it is the satisfaction of a gorged prize-fighter, ready to break, at any moment, into brutal combativeness.

'A Fireside Party,' painted in 1829, and bequeathed by Mr. Sheepshanks to the British nation, is an admirable representation of several serious terriers, lying and sitting in attitudes of ease and thoughtfulness before a fire. The dogs belonged to Malcolm Clarke, of Inverary, and were the originals of the Pepper and Mustard terriers described by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering." Landseer was now float-

ing in the mid-current of the Waverley-novels excitement, and under the magnetic personal influence of Scott himself; and accordingly we find him drawing pictures of Edie Ochiltree and David Gellatley, and other famous characters in the new romances.

Another pathetic scene which the pencil of Landseer illustrated, in a valuable Academy picture, was that described in Scott's poem, of a young gentleman who perished by falling from a cliff on Helvellyn mountain, when his faithful dog watched his remains until they were discovered, three months afterward.

'The Stone-Breaker's Daughter' was a beautiful Scottish picture, executed in 1830, and showing an old man sitting by the roadside, with hammer in hand, while his pretty daughter gossips with him, and a dog licks her hand affectionately.

Before he had attained his thirtieth year, Edwin Landseer received the full honors of the Royal Academy, and was elected an Academician. His diploma-picture, 'The Dead Warrior,' is still preserved by the Royal Academy of Arts.

‘The Old Guid Wife’ was painted for the Duchess of Bedford, and bears the descriptive motto : “She minds naething o’ what passes the day, but set her on auld tales, and she can speak like a prent buke. She’ll ken fine Cullo-den’s sad day. Yon was the guidman’s claymore.” The artist said that his model for this picture was very old and feeble, and he kept her alive on whisky while painting her portrait.

In the year 1833 Landseer executed a posthumous portrait of Sir Walter Scott, with his hound Maida and the terriers Spice and Ginger, the latter being descendants of Dandie Dinmont’s Pepper and Mustard family. Lockhart wrote that “Mr. Edwin Landseer, R. A., has recently painted a full-length portrait, with the scenery of Rymers Glen ; and his familiarity with Scott renders this almost as valuable as if he had sat for it.” The Rymers Glen was the scene of the meeting between the ancient minstrel, Thomas of Ercildoune, and the Fairy Queen ; and Sir Walter wished that it might be used as the background of Leslie’s portrait, but the canvas was not large enough. Not long before, Landseer had illustrated four

more scenes from Scott's romances : the Bride of Lammermoor, the White Lady of Avenel, the Hawking Party, and the False Herald punished (from "Quentin Durward").

'Jack in Office' was exhibited in 1833, and is one of the most exquisite representations of the mingled humor and pathos of the artist. A dog's-meat dealer has left his wheelbarrow in an alley, under the guard of a fat and disdainful mongrel, to whom approach several unfortunate and hungry dogs, in search of the fragrant dainties which perfume the air. One, a degraded and meagre pointer, with driveling mouth and tail between legs, pleads with his nervous and imploring eyes for charity ; another, seated on his own tail, humbly begs, with adulatory whine and dropped paws ; and still others employ other means of pathetic mendicancy, too weak and cowardly to attack the pampered cur who scornfully looks down upon them from the top of the barrow. So supercilious is the guardian's air, so contemptuous and vindictive, that the spectator's sympathy and hopes are altogether on the side of the other dogs.

Landseer was intimate with Sir A. W. Callcott, one of the most famous painters of that time ; and at this time he executed the figures in a picture of 'The Harvest in the Highlands,' of which Callcott painted the landscape.

'The Eagle's Nest' is a grand and simple composition, representing a mountain loch enwalled by black and frowning cliffs, on one of which, in the foreground, is a rude nest of sticks containing two vociferous eaglets. The mother-bird is standing on the edge of the rock, calling to her mate, who is seen flying amain towards his home, over the dark and angry-looking waters below. As a painter of birds, Landseer had no superior, and drew his subjects with unvarying skill and wonderful dexterity ; and his representations of feathery plumage and of horny beak and talons were every whit as accurate as those of the glossy hides of horses, or the electric hair of terriers. Some of his works had eagles, swans, or ducks as their chief subjects ; and in many others wild or domestic fowl were effectively introduced as accessories. One of his first infantile drawings was a pencil-sketch of a parrot ; and his last

great picture represented a battle between eagles and swans. The hens and chickens in some of the Highland pictures are full of verisimilitude, and evince a careful and amused observation of the gallinaceous character ; while the parrots and macaws in some of the later portraits are as appropriate to their aristocratic mistresses as the spaniels of Van Dyck were to his cavaliers and countesses.

CHAPTER V.

The Shakespeare of the World of Dogs. — ‘Suspense.’ — ‘The Shepherd’s Chief Mourner.’ — ‘Dignity and Impudence.’

LANDSEER painted many animals with skill and accuracy, but his love and enthusiasm were reserved for dogs. He was eminently human in his disposition, and therefore chose for his favorite theme the animal which is the best and wisest companion of man, and the one which has the most variety in form and color and size. Indeed, it seemed to have been a matter of intuition rather than choice, for the very first of Landseer’s drawings, made in his fifth year, was a sketch of a dog ; while the last of his works was a portrait of another of the canine race. Mulready, Rosa Bonheur, Snyders, even Veronese, perchance, painted dogs with great skill and technical dexterity, but Sir Edwin was the only artist who represented all the varying phases of their lives and

emotions, devoting a life-time to their study, and learning to distinguish all their traits and sentiments. No gesture of paw or head; no language of eye; no peculiarity of walking or leaping, waking or sleeping; no vigilance of the one or sleepiness of the other; no combative or caressing motions, but that were familiar to him whom the English well-called "the Shakespeare of the World of Dogs." From these wide studies and deep sympathies resulted a rich versatility, insomuch that no two of his subjects appear alike, and there are no dull repetitions in all the wide range of his achievements.

Mr. Monkhouse, the closest and most intelligent student of the works of Sir Edwin, has made the following precise and convenient classification: "Landseer's pictures of 'set' humor may be divided into three classes: (1.) In which he uses nothing but the natural expression and character of the dog to suggest qualities which belong also to man. This is the highest class, to which 'Dignity and Impudence' and 'There's no Place like Home' belong. (2.) In which he strains their natural expression to caricature humanity, as in such pictures as 'Alexander

and Diogenes,' and 'Laying down the Law.' (3.) In which he only makes the dog ridiculous, as in the 'Comical Dogs,' for the purpose of 'raising a smile.'"

The favorite point of view in which Landseer regarded the dog was as the attendant of man, whether as servant, companion, or pet; and he seldom found satisfaction save in grouping the two. The lonely shepherd, the Gaelic moonshiner, the fisherman, even the dustman of London, has his canine attendant, as dear to its owner, doubtless, as Eos was to the Prince Consort, or Islay to the Queen. If the dog is portrayed alone, he is accompanied by a helmet, a glove, a Highland plaidie, or some other accessory suggesting his master, and always in keeping with his high or low estate. There are those who accuse the artist of overstraining the faculties of canine expression, and there can be no doubt that he did exaggerate in this direction, but not without having a basis of truth to build upon.

The master was always vigilant for the safety and comfort of his four-footed friends, and from his knowledge of their character was able to

suggest ameliorations of their condition. He once said that no dog could endure being kept strictly on the chain for a longer period than three years; that his heart would break, or his reason give way, in the interval. In the matter of cropping the ears of dogs he took a decided position against the custom, maintaining that animals who dig in the earth should have their ears protected, as Nature had provided. Landseer's public opposition to cropping had a great effect in causing it to be partly discontinued.

He used to walk about sometimes with a body-guard of thorough-bred dogs, most of whom had been presented to him by patrician friends, and rejoiced in long and incomprehensible pedigrees. Maida Vale had more than its share of hounds and terriers, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," who always welcomed the master home in their characteristic ways. He also retained the acquaintance of many aristocratic dogs in the houses of the nobility, and great was the wagging of tails when he came to Woburn Abbey, or Taymouth Castle, or royal Windsor.

Hamerton, the calm and good-tempered critic,

has thus expressed his opinion: "Everything that can be said about Landseer's knowledge of animals, and especially of dogs, has already been said. There was never very much to say, for there was no variety of opinion and nothing to discuss. Critics may write volumes of controversy about Turner and Delacroix, but Landseer's merits were so obvious to every one that he stood in no need of critical explanations. The best commentators on Landseer, the best defenders of his genius, are the dogs themselves; and so long as there exist terriers, deerhounds, bloodhounds, his fame will need little assistance from writers upon art."

Many artists and connoisseurs think that Landseer's highest achievements and the attainment of his loftiest ideal in art occurred in the year 1834. Among the four chief pictures of this year, the most famous is the 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,' a composition which has often been engraved and often plagiarized, and is now owned by the Duke of Devonshire. Etchings of this work were made by no less personages than Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. It was the first picture for which the mas-



ter received as much as £400, and is now valued at more than £3,000. It is a rich and highly finished composition, representing the vassals of the Abbey bringing their tributes of game, fish, and fruit into the cloisters, where they are received by the jovial old monks (one of whom is a portrait of Sir A. W. Callcott).

'The Naughty Boy' is a picture of a school-boy possessed and shrunk up by outrageous passion, with his toes turned in, feet close together, arms pressed to sides, shoulders raised, and every muscle tense with anger. Landseer wanted to portray this little fellow on account of his sturdy and handsome face and figure, but the subject was rebellious and sulky, and finally broke into hot wrath, slamming his slate upon the studio-floor, blowing bubbles between his compressed lips, and savagely shouting: "*I won't be painted!*" Nevertheless the artist, smiling kindly, went on to portray this little thundercloud, and made an unfading record of his scowling brows and quivering flaxen locks, and all the hostile expressions of his young face.

'A Highland Breakfast' is a highly humorous and characteristic composition, showing the in-

terior of a Scottish shieling, with its bonny mistress in the background, nourishing her babe ; while in the foreground is a group of sheep, hounds, and terriers waiting to get their breakfast from a pan of hot milk, which is slowly cooling before them. A dignified old retriever is biding his time with philosophic calmness, and his attendant white terrier vainly endeavors to imitate his patience and self-command ; while another sniffs the coming feast and licks his mouth in fond anticipation ; a fourth burns his nose in the steaming mess ; and another, a shaggy little terrier, yields a meal to her puppies while waiting for her own.

‘Suspense’ was another noble work of the culminating year, which has been engraved half a dozen times, and now belongs to the nation. It is one of the best illustrations of Landseer’s genius, and is skillfully adapted to call forth the imagination of the spectator, rather than to display that of its designer. A noble bloodhound is watching with intense solicitude before a closed door, while the carpet beside him is dotted with a line of blood-drops, upon which lies a torn eagle-plume, and

on the table behind is a pair of steel gauntlets. Is it the dog's master who has been borne within the door, his life-blood dripping away, and his panoply of battle cast aside? If so, how deep the suspense with which the faithful hound watches for some token that the knight still lives! Or is it that the crouching animal is an avenger who has tracked some assassin to this his last retreat, and now awaits the reopening of the door, ready to rend the miscreant in pieces?

Our artist's father, John Landseer, was still alive and active, and during this year he published an amusing book entitled "Description of Fifty of the Earliest Pictures in the National Gallery." Somewhat later he began to issue a trenchant periodical called "The Review of the Fine Arts," which soon died, and was succeeded by "The Probe," a vigorous journal in which the veteran editor antagonized the then youthful publication, "The Art Union." Perhaps the faint praises and frequent censures which the last-named periodical afterwards gave for many years to Sir Edwin were due to this hostile attitude on the part of his family.

So many were the canine applicants for the honors of portraiture at this time that their names were placed in a list, and awaited their turn in due order. The master's brush was rapid, and in constant employment, yet each dog had to wait for two or three years, so long was the list and so numerous were the applicants.

'The Sleeping Bloodhound,' now at South Kensington, is a portrait of the fine old dog Countess, painted after she died, and in the attitude of sleep. On a dark night the dog was waiting on a high balcony, at Wandsworth, and anxiously watching for her master's return from London. Hearing the wheels of his gig and the sound of his voice, she leaped down, but missed her footing, and fell at his feet, dying. Placing the hound in his gig, the gentleman drove to London the next morning, and went directly to Landseer's studio. The artist was at first vexed by the sudden intrusion on his working hours, but when he saw the unfortunate animal his expression changed to one of sorrow and sympathy, and he said: "This is an opportunity not to be missed. Go away

and come on Thursday, at two o'clock." It was then Monday noon, and at the appointed time he had finished Countess' portrait, as large as life. This hound was the property of Mr. Jacob Bell, the constant friend and business manager of Landseer, whose pictures he sold, and collected the moneys therefor, just as the artist's father had formerly done.

'The Drovers' Departure, Scene in the Grampians,' was exhibited in 1835, and now belongs to the nation. It was originally painted for the Duke of Bedford, but for some unknown reason he declined to take it, and Mr. Sheepshanks secured the prize. The scene represents the departure of a drove of Highland cattle for the south, with the patriarch of the clan smoking a pipe, while his daughter fills his flask with "mountain dew," and her husband, all plaided and ready for the start, gives a parting caress to the baby. In front, a hilarious puppy is being egged on by a boy to attack the motherly old hen, who defends her brood with defiant mien; the old dog suckles her puppies for the last time; and a white pony, almost toothless, nibbles the grass sideways. In the background

the flocks and herds are seen, defiling away to the south, over a wide heath, with the mountains before them and a lake at one side.

In 1836 Sir Francis Chantrey killed two woodcocks at one shot, a feat which was considered so remarkable that a book of poetry was written about it, and Landseer also painted a commemorative picture, entitled 'Pen, Brush, and Chisel.' The dog therein portrayed was Mustard, which Sir Walter Scott gave to Chantrey. Lady Chantrey afterwards presented the picture to the Queen.

The 'Comical Dogs' represents two terriers, — one with a hat rakishly cocked on the side of his head, and his eye slyly upturned; and the other, of the gentler sex, has a mob-cap upon her head and a pipe in her mouth, the while she "begs" with drooping fore-paws. The composition is jocose and absurd, and some one has well said that "it is not the dogs who are comical, but the artist."

The deeply pathetic pictures of 'The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner' and 'The Shepherd's Grave,' which have been so often reproduced, were executed in 1837. The first

represents the interior of a Highland hut, with the coffin of the lonely shepherd in the centre, covered by his maud for a pall, and with a well-worn Bible and a pair of spectacles on the adjacent bench, to indicate at once the piety and the great age of the deceased. The only guardian and chief mourner of the dead is his dog, the faithful companion of his declining years, who now sits upon the pall, with grief-relaxed limbs and face filled with brooding sorrow and profound woe, resting his head on the closed coffin. Monkhouse calls this picture “Landseer’s most perfect poem of simple pathos;” and Ruskin gives the following very inaccurate but beautiful description of it: “Here the exquisite execution of the crisp and glossy hair of the dog, the bright, sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language, — language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog’s breast against the wood; the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle; the total powerlessness of the head, laid close and motionless upon

its folds ; the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness ; the rigidity of repose, which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck upon the coffin-lid ; the quietness and gloom of the chamber ; the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure, of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep, — these are all thoughts ; thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as the mere painting goes, — by which it ranks as a work of high merit, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as a Man of Mind.”

‘The Shepherd’s Grave’ is a fresh-heaped mound of earth, with a head-stone, whose inscription is not yet finished by the stone-cutter, whitely revealed in the light of the low-hung moon. The sheep-dog watches patiently over the silent mound, with his head drooping towards the earth, in the long vigils which shall continue until he follows his master (may we not hope it?) into the unknown land beyond.



The best of Landseer's numerous portraits of the members of the British nobility is that which represents the Sutherland children, the Marquis of Stafford and Lady Evelyn Gower. The latter is a pretty young girl, placing a garland around the neck of a pet fawn, with a spaniel "begging" before her; while the Marquis, a curly-headed boy in a short dress, is seated on the grass, and a noble old deerhound lolls against the adjacent tree. In the background are the towers of Dunrobin Castle.

Another work of this period was the drawing of eight scenes of motherhood, for the Duchess of Bedford. These included a Highland nurse, and seven female animals, with their young.

'A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society' is one of the most widely known of our artist's pictures, and has been reproduced many times, by all manner of processes. It was a portrait of a fine dog named Paul Pry, whose beauty had awakened Landseer's admiration, which was highly increased on seeing the faithful pet carrying a basket of very bright flowers in his teeth. He was a large specimen of the Newfoundland breed, and is portrayed reclining

on the last stone of a sea-side quay, against which the light summer ripples break, lapsing upon the mooring-ring. He is in broad sunlight, with the shadow of his enormous black head falling upon his white flank, while he watches to seaward with strong and pathetic eyes, and marks a quick attention by the gentle lifting of his ears. The painting of the hide is admirable, and shows the rigid and the soft, the downy and the high-lighted, parts; the masses of hair as the dog's habitual motions had permitted them to grow; and the skillful foreshortening of the paws hanging over the quay's edge. This wonderful representation of the canine race, one of the most inimitable which art has ever produced, was painted for the trifling sum of fifty guineas. Mr. Thomas Landseer engraved it in the most superb manner.

'There's Life in the Old Dog yet' is a pathetic picture representing a veteran deerhound who has chased a stag over a high cliff, and fallen upon the rocks below, with his prey. An ancient sportsman has been lowered down by a rope, and finds the dead body of the deer, and

the mangled hound, whose condition he announces to the people above in the words of the title.

'Dignity and Impudence' was painted in 1839, and is the familiar scene where a huge bloodhound is reclining in the door of his kennel, and looking upward, while alongside him appears the head of a bristling and snappish little Scotch terrier, with round black eyes peering through his shaggy hair. The larger dog was a favorite visitor of several London studios, and bore the name of Grafton, while his little friend was called Scratch. This was one of the most humorous and characteristic of Landseer's pictures, and recalls the force and contrasts of Hogarth, without his bitterness. 'Beauty's Bath' was another work of this time, and represents the fair young girl, Emily Peel, taking her spaniel Fido to a morning bath.

'The Lion-Dog of Malta, the last of his Tribe' was painted in 1840, and shows the white and silky-haired little creature lying on a table, close to a huge and earnest-eyed Newfoundland dog, on whose nose he rests a tiny paw, while he looks through long and fringing hair with

glittering eyes. On the front of the table are pencils, brushes, a porte-crayon, and other drawing instruments, and a bit of bread, at which a daring mouse is greedily nibbling.

The 'Laying down the Law' was painted in 1840, and belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. It is a transcendent example of Landseer's specialty of investing animals with the expressions becoming to human passions, and thus producing bits of genial satire, sometimes pathetic and sometimes humorous.

CHAPTER VI.

The Royal Family. — Balmoral. — The Gracious Queen. — **The Duke** of Bedford and Woburn Abbey. — Dickens, Thackeray, and Sydney Smith.

IT is believed by many Englishmen that the attractive social qualities of Landseer first opened a communication between the Royal Family and the intellectual society of the kingdom. It is well known that for some time after the accession of Queen Victoria the literary and artistic people of England were rigidly and markedly excluded from the Palace, and Landseer and many others complained bitterly at such an unaccustomed conduct on the part of the head of the nation. The first familiar guest from the excluded classes was Edwin Landseer himself. In a little while St. John's Wood was amazed at the spectacle of the Queen waiting at Landseer's door, while he changed his coat and mounted one of the groom's horses, to ride with Victoria. The reason appeared that

he was painting her Majesty on horseback, and this was a piece of professional study, devised impromptu by the royal sitter.

Again, Prince Albert's hat and gloves were seen on the floor of the artist's room, sent there without the Prince's knowledge, in order to be introduced into a portrait of his favorite dogs, with which he was to be surprised on his birthday ; and great was the bustle when a groom rode up, on a horse all in a lather, for the hat and gloves, as the Prince was going out, and must not miss his hat.

A few years before, Landseer made the first of several pictures of Dash, the Duchess of Kent's favorite spaniel, who was afterwards buried on the slopes of Windsor Castle, under a handsome marble monument. This was the same pet of which Leslie wrote, in describing the coronation of Queen Victoria : "The Queen, I am told, had studied her part very diligently and she went through it extremely well. I don't know why, but the first sight of her in her robes brought tears into my eyes, and it had this effect upon many people ; she looked almost like a child. She is very fond of dogs,

and has one very favorite little spaniel, who is always on the lookout for her return when she has been from home. She had of course been separated from him on that day longer than usual, and when the state coach drove up to the steps of the palace, she heard him barking with joy in the hall, and exclaimed, 'There 's Dash!' and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and ball she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes, *to go and wash little Dash.*"

Under the reign of such a Queen, a Land-seer might well be certain of wealth and honors, and accordingly we find him a frequent and welcome guest at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and Balmoral, and the recipient of many valuable presents from Victoria and Albert.

The long series of portraits of the members of the Royal Family was auspiciously begun in 1839 by a picture of the Queen, then in the second year of her reign. This was one of the love-tokens given by Victoria to Prince Albert, before their happy marriage.

A year later he painted the Queen and the Duke of Wellington reviewing a body of troops ;

the Queen on horseback, alone ; and Princess Mary of Cambridge, with the Newfoundland dog Nelson. 'The Queen and Children' was painted in 1842, and also Prince Albert and the Princess Royal ; the Queen and Prince Albert, in the characters of Queen Philippa and Edward III. ; the Princess Royal, with her pony and dog ; the Princess Victoire of Saxe-Cobourg ; and the Queen and the Princess Royal. A year later and he produced 'Windsor Castle in the Present Time,' with portraits of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, with four dogs ; and Princess Alice in a cradle, when nine days old, with the dog Dandie. In 1844 Alice again appeared, in company with the famous hound Eos ; and a year later the Queen was portrayed in the fancy dress of a *bal costumé*. In 1847 the royal lady was depicted while sketching at Loch Laggan ; and in 1854 Landseer painted 'Her Majesty the Queen in the Highlands,' introducing also Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales. In 1861 he drew 'Prince Albert at Balmoral,' which was engraved for the Queen's book, "Leaves from a Diary in the Highlands ;" in 1864, the Princess Beatrice

on horseback ; in 1866, the Queen at Osborne, with Princesses Louise and Helena, and also Prince Albert's shooting party, at Brechin ; and in 1872, the Queen on a white horse.

During his autumnal visits at Balmoral, Sir Edwin enjoyed the pleasantest intimacies with the members of the Royal Family, and was treated with great consideration. His skill with the billiard-cue was frequently called into requisition, when he was challenged to play by Prince Albert ; and his graceful courtesy found at once exercise and reward in helping the Queen over stiles, during her long rural rambles. In Victoria's journal of her life in the Highlands, the name of our artist often appears, and in the most agreeable connection.

One of the master's most fruitful and long-continuing employments was the portrayal of the numerous pets of the Royal Family. This congenial task began in 1835, when he painted Dash, the favorite spaniel of the queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, and also the three pets of Prince George, — the pony Selim, the Newfoundland dog Nelson, and the spaniel Flora ; Prince Albert's greyhound Eos ; Islay, the queen's pet

terrier ; Waldmann and Cairnach ; Däckel, the queen's badger-dog ; Lambkin, the Duchess of Kent's dog ; Dandie Dinmont and the hedgehog ; the 'Islay, Macaw, and Love-birds ;' 'Dear Old Boz,' with a rabbit ; Sharp, the queen's favorite dog in 1866 ; and several others. The set of engraved pictures known as "Her Majesty's Pets," and representing the favorite animals of the royal Victoria, includes several portraits made by our artist.

Careful students of Landseer's style attribute the great change through which it passed about the year 1824 to his introduction to the Bedford family, and his transition, almost instantaneously, from ordinary middle-class society to that of the highest nobility. With the ducal families of Britain he lived for the rest of his life, not only as an artist, but also as a friend and companion.

The Duke of Bedford's princely palace of Woburn Abbey was a favorite resort for artists at this period, and at one time Leslie, Wilkie, Callcott, Newton, and Landseer spent several days there together, enjoying the pleasant hospitality of the ducal family. At Woburn, also,

Landseer distinguished himself in the humble character of a scene-painter, having executed the scenes for the amateur theatricals which were carried on there.

As early as 1825 the artist visited Woburn Abbey, and received a hearty welcome and abundant patronage. He was for many years afterwards a recipient of the favors of the Russell family, the holders of the dukedom, and his pencil was frequently called into their service. Many of his works received also the honor of being etched by Georgianna, the Duchess of Bedford, and by Lady Elizabeth Russell.

In the year 1826 alone we find Landseer illustrating the ducal family in the following subjects: Lord Cosmo Russell on his pony Fingal; the youthful Lord Alexander Russell and his dog Nell, and again with a pug-dog, and yet again with a spaniel; and Lady Louisa Russell feeding a donkey. During the next year he portrayed the Duchess, and also her two daughters, and the series of Bedford pictures was not finished until nearly fifteen years had passed.

Through the Bedford family the master also became acquainted with the Duke of Gordon, a

wealthy Scottish peer, for whom he painted several fine pictures. One of the best of these, now valued at £1,200, is 'A Scene in the Highlands,' in which the chief characters are the Duchess of Bedford and the Duke of Gordon. Many of the Duke's pictures were afterwards bequeathed to Brodie of Brodie, whose pictures were sold at London, in 1871.

Another Scottish patron of high rank was John, the fourth Duke of Athole, with whom he became acquainted during one of his first Highland visits. Athole presented the young artist at that time with one of his fine deerhounds, which was long kept in memory of the donor. Four years later Landseer painted the noble picture of 'The Death of the Stag in Glen Tilt,' whose chief figure is a portrait of the Duke, surrounded by his clansmen.

The Marquis of Abercorn was another of Landseer's noble friends, and for him the master painted several portraits of the members of the family. These works are now in the possession of the Duke of Abercorn. The master was a welcome visitor at Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane; and also

at the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith. The Duke of Argyle was another patron of our artist, who painted his favorite dog Blaize, in 1830.

Many of the nobles of England chose Landseer for their portrait-painter, and gave him frequent sittings. Besides those elsewhere spoken of, we find among them the Dukes of Devonshire and Wellington; the Marquises of Hamilton and Worcester; Lords Ashburton, Cavendish, Glenlyon and Sefton; Ladies Evelyn Stanhope, Leveson Gower, Blessington, Ashburton, Peel, Jocelyn, Grosvenor, and Butler; and the Count d'Orsay. Among the other notabilities of his time, he painted the portraits of Edward Bulwer, Benjamin Disraeli, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and Niccolo Paganini.

The high estimation in which Landseer was held by Lord Monson appears in a letter from the latter to David Roberts, in which he says: "There is one with whom I am anxious to lose no time, and that is Edwin Landseer. Would you be my ambassador, and ask him what would be the cost of his painting me a picture? I should like him to come here and

paint my portrait with some remarkable dogs, with which, I think, he would be pleased."

Landseer was also retained by the publishers of "The Book of Beauty," to execute several of the portraits of the ladies who were distinguished in that singular volume. Among those whom he painted were Lady Georgianna Russell, the Marchioness of Abercorn, the Countess of Chesterfield, Lady Fitzharris, and Miss Ellen Power. Several other publications of this class enlisted the pencil of the master, who drew pictures also for "The Gallery of Graces" and "The Children of the Aristocracy."

There are those who rank Landseer with Lawrence and Reynolds as a painter of children, claiming that he possesses an equal refinement and naturalness, and makes up for his lack of coloring and finish by a freedom from the mannerism of the earlier twain. Certainly his representations of children are filled with tenderness and truth, whether they are princesses or shepherds' children, and have the true form and look of their ages, whether babies or youths, and all the freshness and innocence of

those who are as yet "unspotted from the world." It has been considered wonderful that the childless Landseer and Reynolds should have obtained such insight into the complex, amazing, unfathomable life of their hardly-appreciated juniors.

With the solitary and remarkable exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds, no British artist ever received at his home so many distinguished visitors as did Sir Edwin Landseer. The house at No. 1 St. John's Wood Road, Lisson Grove, was the centre of his social life, and many were the pleasant parties which he suddenly improvised there, from time to time, inviting his friends by hasty messages sent at the eleventh hour.

Landseer was on terms of intimacy with Charles Dickens as early as 1838, when Cattermole, Maclise, Stanfield, and Harrison Ainsworth belonged to the same coterie. A few years later the artist showed his admiration and friendship by presenting the great novelist with a drawing of Boxer, illustrating "The Cricket on the Hearth." In 1854-55, Landseer used to be a regular attendant at Dick-

ens's amateur theatrical parties, at Tavistock House, where he frequently met Douglas Jerrold. During the next winter he joined the brilliant circle of Englishmen then passing the season in Paris, and there enjoyed the company of Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Macready, Lytton, Leslie, and Wilkie Collins.

The master also had some connection with the great novelist Thackeray, which became a very warm friendship. In 1860 he drew 'A Black Sheep' for Thackeray, to accompany his story of "Lovell, the Widower," in the Cornhill Magazine.

Landseer was intimate with that marvelous wit and clerical dignitary Sydney Smith, and two of the best sayings of the facetious parson are connected with him. Some one urged Smith to sit to Landseer for his portrait, and he replied in the words of the Syrian messenger to the prophet Elisha: "Is thy servant *a dog* that he should do this great thing?" Leslie avers that Smith never said anything of the kind, but that, having met the artist soon after the story was published, he asked: "Have you seen our little joke in the papers?" To which

Landseer replied: "Are you disposed to acknowledge it?" Smith said: "I have no objections." At another time the artist was talking with him about the drama, and said: "With your love of humor, it must be an act of great self-denial to abstain from going to the theatres." To which Sydney Smith made answer: "The managers are very polite; they send me free admissions, which I can't use, and, in return, I send them free admissions to St. Paul's."

Leslie tells the following story of an incident at a dinner-party at the house of Sir Francis Chantrey, the great sculptor, at which he was present. "Edwin Landseer, the best of mimics, gave a capital specimen of Chantrey's manner, and at Chantrey's own table. Dining at his house with a large party, after the cloth was removed from the beautifully polished table, — Chantrey's furniture was all beautiful, — Landseer's attention was called by him to the reflections, in the table, of the company, furniture, lamps, etc. 'Come and sit in my place and study perspective,' said our host, and went himself to the fire. As soon as Landseer was seated in Chantrey's chair, he

turned round, and imitating his voice and manner said to him: 'Come, young man, you think yourself ornamental; now make yourself useful, and ring the bell.' Chantrey did as he was desired; the butler appeared, and was perfectly bewildered at hearing his master's voice, from the head of the table, order some claret, while he saw him standing before the fire."

Landseer was never so happy as when drawing or studying lions, and kept up that branch of research until the end of his life. Whenever a lion died at the Zoölogical Gardens, its body was offered to the master, and none of the anxious zoölogists of the city might hope for it until he had been consulted. Charles Dickens used to tell a story that once when a party was assembled at Landseer's house, a man-servant opened the door, and thus addressed his master, with perfect *sang-froid*, and as if it was a frequent occurrence there: "Did you order a lion, sir?" Aware of the singularities of their host, and amazed at this straightforward and matter-of-fact questions, some of the guests were afraid that a living lion was loitering outside, and merely awaiting

Landseer's summons to enter. But it soon transpired that the famous lion Nero, a favorite model and long-time acquaintance of the artist, had died during the evening, and the Secretary of the Zoölogical Gardens had put his body into a cart and sent it to Landseer, as a present indeed worthy of its destination. The master painted a large picture from this subject, and afterwards had the skin stuffed and placed in the British Museum, to amaze and delight the liegemen of the Queen.

One of the most amazing and incomprehensible achievements of Landseer occurred at an evening party, given by one of the leaders of London society, at which the artist was one of the lions of the occasion. The conversation, doubtless thus led by some of the party who knew his dexterous draughtsmanship, turned on the subject of facility with the hands, and many instances of wonderful skill in this direction were cited. At last a lady, lolling on the sofa near by, and anxious to get rid of such a dull theme, exclaimed, as if to conclude it: "Well, there's one thing nobody has ever done, and that is draw two things at once!" But

Landseer would not allow the conversation to be quashed thus summarily, and answered: "Oh, I can do that; lend me two pencils, and I will show you." Whereupon, with a pencil in each hand, and not hesitating a moment, he drew with one hand a stag's head and antlers, and with the other a horse's head. The sketches were equally good, and showed great energy and spirit,—as much indeed, as if they had been drawn at different times, and under more favorable circumstances. The acts of draughtsmanship were perfectly simultaneous, and not alternate, and showed that the controlling brain was capable of directing at the same time two distinct limbs in similar but diverse operations, attended with distinct mental processes. How this rare feat may have been accomplished is an interesting question for students of the action of the brain and of the nerve forces.

The subjects of 'The Cavalier's Pets' were two beautiful spaniels, who were portrayed lying on a table, alongside a plumed hat. They were favorites of Robert Vernon, and the entire picture, full of precision and grace, was

painted in less than two days, — a wonderful feat of dexterity and skill. Instances of this remarkable celerity are numerous in Landseer's life. While visiting the eminent connoisseur, William Wells, at Redleaf, he painted the 'Trim, the Old Dog looks like a Picture' in two hours and a half. The master once sent to the Exhibition a picture of rabbits, under which he wrote: "Painted in three quarters of an hour." Mr. Wells says that on one occasion, when he was about leaving his mansion of Redleaf to go to Penshurst Church, his butler placed a canvas on the easel before Landseer, who had preferred to remain in the house. On his return, three hours later, the artist had finished a life-sized picture of a fallow-deer, and so thoroughly was the work done that it was impossible to see how it could be improved by further touching.

Landseer would place a clean canvas upon his easel, and let it remain for a whole day, or even for several days, until he had thought out the whole subject, when he would fall to work and carry forward the painting with great rapidity and precision. His best work, after the

first ten years, was from within, rather than from without.

It was his old comrade Bewick who said: "Sir Edwin has a fine hand, a correct eye, refined perceptions, and can do almost anything but dance on the slack wire. He is a fine billiard-player, plays at chess, sings when with his intimate friends, and has considerable humor.

"Landseer is sensitive, delicate, with a fine hand for manipulation, — up to all the *finesse* of the art; has brushes of all peculiarities for all difficulties; turns his picture into all manner of situation and light; looks at it from between his legs, — and all with the strictly critical view of discovering hidden defects, falsities of drawing or imperfections. See to what perfection he carries his perception of surface, hair, silk, wool, rock, grass, foliage, distance, fog, mist, smoke! how he paints the glazed or watery eye!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Great Change. — Continental Tour. — 'The Sanctuary.' — **Frescos.**
— 'Shoeing.' — 'Peace' and 'War.' — 'Alexander and Diogenes.'
— Louis Napoleon.

IN the year 1840 came a great change in the life of the master, produced by an attack of illness, which became so serious that he was obliged to abandon the studio, and devote some time to traveling on the Continent. From this date he entered upon his period of reflection and sadness, when his pictures ceased to be narrative, and became painful and pathetic in their lessons, with high-strung passages of spiritual poetry. But even in this late period of solemnity and reflectiveness he executed a few pleasant and humorous pictures, like the 'Alexander and Diogenes,' as if sudden moods of joyfulness lightened through the calm twilight of sorrow.

Mr. William Wells was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of Landseer's paintings, many

of which he added to his great collection of pictures. The artist became a frequent and honored visitor at Redleaf, Wells's country-house ; and it was during one of these sojourns that he was taken with his first violent sickness.

The main trouble which came upon the master at this time was a severe attack of depression, one of the first of those terrible glooms which darkened all his subsequent life, and nearly unseated his reason. He was recommended to abandon work for the time, and go abroad ; and in deference to the wishes of his solicitous friends he took a vacation of some months, during which he traversed parts of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Austria. His chief sojourns were at joyous Vienna and in the neighborhood of Geneva. Certain sketches of this time show that the master visited Belgium, Frankfort, Geneva, Dijon, Strasburg, and Aix-la-Chapelle. It was the only long tour that he ever made outside the limits of his beloved Britain.

He made six charming character-sketches on this journey, which were afterwards etched by the Queen and Prince Albert. Many other draw-

ings were brought back from the Continent, but no use was made of them, although their beauty and interest have been highly praised. Many of them are slight and unfinished, but nevertheless show great power and life, being for the most part sketches of men and animals.

The civic splendors of Brussels and Vienna, and the magnificent scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol, appear to have made but little impression upon our master, who hardly even recognized their value in art. He was a conservative Briton in the intense affection with which he regarded the land of his birth, and the unwavering constancy of his attachment to England. His realms of the imagination were upon the same narrow island, — narrow, indeed, but how glorious! — in the picturesque Scottish land; and he was perfectly indifferent to the Alps and the Villa Borghese, as well as to their inhabitants and local divinities.

When the Czar Nicholas of Russia visited England, in 1842, Landseer made a portrait of him, at Gore House. The drawing was owned by the Duke of St. Albans, who presented it to the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1874, doubtless on

account of his connection with the Russian Imperial family.

‘The Sanctuary’ was painted in 1842, for William Wells, of Redleaf, for 100 guineas ; but Prince Albert was so taken with the picture that he persuaded Mr. Wells to give it up, and it is now owned by the Queen. Many reproductions of this design have been made, in various forms, and render an extended description needless. The hunted stag is just wading up to the secure island shore, with the gleaming water behind broken only by the long ripples from his swimming shoulders, and the still evening sky crossed only by a swerving line of flying fowl. The motto of the picture was taken from the poem of “Loch Maree” :—

“ See where the startled wild-fowl screaming rise,
And seek in marshall’d flight those golden skies ;
Yon wearied swimmer scarce can win the land,
His limbs yet falter on the watery strand.
Poor hunted hart ! the painful struggle o’er,
How blest the shelter of that island shore !
There, whilst he sobs, his panting heart to rest,
Nor hound nor hunter shall his lair molest.”

The ‘Otter and Salmon,’ exhibited in 1842,

marks the successful entrance of the artist into a new field of illustration, due to the preceding year's visit to the Highlands. The simple composition of this picture shows a huge silver salmon lying dead on its side, and a long-drawn-out brown otter crouching by it, snarling and showing its teeth. This singular amphibious animal was afterwards painted several times by the master.

'Be it ever so Humble, there's no Place like Home' has often been engraved, and was presented to the nation in the Sheepshanks Collection. A soft-eyed spaniel, who has been astray and a willful vagrant, has returned to his kennel, and expresses his joy by whimpering, crouching, and wagging his tail. There is a bit of by-play in the foreground, in the form of a snail, who indeed cannot quit his home, but must ever carry it as a burden upon his back.

The most refined and highly civilized dog which Landseer was ever called upon to portray was Eos, the favorite greyhound of the Prince Consort, a model of grace and dainty beauty, and perfectly adapted to the manner of the artist. Eos died in 1844, two years later,

and was honored with a monument on the slopes of Windsor Castle.

The so-called Milton Villa, an octagonal summer-house in the garden of Buckingham Palace, was adorned with a fresco by Landseer, representing 'The Defeat of Comus.' This composition has been engraved several times, and is remarkable for its overmastering force, and its Hogarthian delineation of a wild and sensual orgy. At the same time Leslie, Mac-lise, Etty, Eastlake, Uwins, Stanfield, and Sir William Ross were engaged in the Milton Villa, each frescoing a lunette with a scene from Milton's "Masque of Comus;" and the Queen and the Prince Consort used to visit the scene of their labors as often as every day. Another fresco of this time was done at Gwyder House, during the competition of cartoons for the House of Lords, and now belongs to the Queen. Ardverikie Lodge, in the Northern Highlands, was adorned with a set of game-pictures, made on the walls with pieces of burnt stick and a red brick. These were destroyed by fire in 1873, but had previously been reproduced by photography.

'The Otter Hunt' was painted for the Earl of Aberdeen, in 1844, and is admirably drawn, but coldly colored and flatly executed. It represents a huntsman standing in a stream, and holding up an otter transfixcd through the loins by his spear, writhing and contorted, and biting the spear-staff in his dying agonies, while around him is a multitudinous pack of excited dogs, yelping, leaping, and fighting each other in their fury for the prey. 'The Challenge' was another famous picture of this time, and shows a vigorous stag loudly bellowing his defiance, either at approaching hunters or other animals of his kind.

'Shoeing' is another picture bearing the date of 1844, which has been many times engraved. The scene is the interior of a country blacksmith's shop, with the farrier trying a new shoe on the near hind hoof of a splendid bay mare, under whose head stands a shaggy little donkey, with a bloodhound in front. The main subject of this composition was the mare Betty, belonging to the artist's friend, Jacob Bell, and her master had intended to have her painted with a foal. For this purpose he had two successive

foals bred by her, but they both grew to maturity before the artist was ready to portray the group, and the idea was abandoned. But one day, when Landseer was at Mr. Bell's, he spoke in high terms of the condition of the mare, and said: "I am determined to paint Old Betty after all." The shoeing scene was decided upon, and forthwith carried out, with this famous result. The velvety hide of the mare, touched here and there by lustrous high lights, is admirably represented; and she appears in her accustomed attitude, standing at ease and without a halter. This picture was included by its owner in the Bell Gift to the nation, and is now at South Kensington.

The companion pictures of 'Peace' and 'War' were painted in 1846, and are now in the Vernon Gallery. The former is a beautiful scene on a high chalk cliff overlooking the blue and sun-lit expanse of Dover harbor, with a group of three bright-faced and heedless child-shepherds, and several sheep and goats grazing near by, on the fair green downs. A cannon has fallen from the useless ramparts, and a lamb is pulling out the grass which one of the little

shepherds has placed in the black and silent muzzle. 'War' is a scene just after a battle, with a ruined cottage, whose porch is arched with torn rose-bushes, while lurid smoke casts shadows on the sunny walls. Near the door is a dying horse and his dead rider, — a steel-clad dragoon with sword in hand ; and another dead rider and horse lie close beside them in the garden. Mr. Vernon paid £1,500 for 'Peace' and 'War,' and the publishers of the engravings from them paid Landseer £3,000. The publishers laid out this year over £10,000 for the copyrights and engraving of these two and the 'Stag at Bay' and 'Refreshment.'

In the 'Peace' and 'War' the spiritual poetry and pure fancy of the master's later years were highly exemplified, and his marvelous Hogarthian power of telling a story by an instantaneous tableau was happily illustrated. These also were the first pictures in which he symbolized scenes in the common lot of mankind, moving every beholder by the deep pathos and reflective sentiment of the contrasted designs.

'The Stag at Bay' is one of Landseer's most tragic and powerful pictures, and has been

finely reproduced in his brother's engraving. It was painted for the Marquis of Breadalbane.

Another conspicuous picture of very large dimensions was painted in 1847 for the Marquis of Breadalbane, who presented it to Prince Albert, and it is now at Osborne, in the Queen's possession. The scene is 'A Drive of Deer, Glen Orchay,' and represents the shooting of deer in a pass of the Highlands, through which the doomed animals are trooping in full panic.

'Digging out the Otter,' an unfinished work of this time, has since had the honor of being completed by J. E. Millais, R. A.

The venerable victor of Waterloo, Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, was fascinated with a courage not inferior to that of his grenadiers, and exhibited in a less sanguinary way, by Van Amburgh, the celebrated menagerie proprietor. He therefore ordered Landseer to paint a large picture of the lion-tamer, as he appeared with his animals in the London theatres, and taking down his Bible told the artist to inscribe a text under it, as exemplifying the

gift of God. On account of this text Landseer used to call the Van Amburgh scene his "sacred picture." The Duke paid £1,000 for the work, which is now owned by his successor. The Queen had a similar picture painted by Landseer, and both of them are regarded as among the poorest productions of his pencil, vulgar in theme, and inefficient in execution.

By this time the critics of London asserted that the master had lost much of the technical skill and solidity of his younger days, and that his later works, though more popular and poetic, were poor in artistic qualities. They were certainly superior to their predecessors in the higher intellectual and imaginative qualities, and it seemed evident that Landseer had at last found the traits of the popular mind to which he could most successfully appeal. These were two in number, sad pathos and gentle humor, and he rang the changes upon them with rarest skill and delicacy. Rossetti thus stated the secret of his magic power: "Landseer is the dramatist of the animal world; life, spirit, incident, are at his command more richly and more sympathetically than with any other

painter of the like class." And Walter Savage Landor said: "There are two men, Hogarth and Landseer, who affect my heart the most deeply of all painters, and Raphael alone can detain me so long a time before him."

In 1848 the master received an order from the Government Commissioners on the Fine Arts to paint three subjects connected with the chase, for the three compartments of the Peers' Refreshment Room, in the new Parliament House. The amount offered was only £500 each; and it is evident that Landseer accepted the commission more for the sake of patriotism than profit. But this contract came to nothing, for the House of Commons refused to vote the appropriation needful, in a moment of pique at the delay in decorating the Palace at Westminster, and the whole scheme fell to the ground.

'The Random Shot' was painted for Prince Albert, in 1848, and is one of the most pathetic of Landseer's works. Some careless hunter has wounded a doe, which has retired hither to die, followed by her fawn. The scene is a vast and misty place amid snowy mount-

ains and frowning ridges, and the mother deer lies dead by the side of a little pool, whither she has fled through the lonely fastnesses to quench her feverish thirst. The innocent little fawn strives in vain to get its accustomed nourishment, for the doe lies on her side, cold and stiff, with her blood frozen on the hard snow.

'Alexander and Diogenes' was painted in 1848, and became the property of the nation, in the Bell Gift. It is a scene of canine life, in which the big white bull-dog Alexander knits his brows and looks askant and haughtily at Diogenes, a dingy and meditative little farrier's dog, who lives in a tub and feeds on poor vegetables. The courtiers of Alexander are two whining and hypocritical hounds, in the background; a sneaking little spaniel, with set smile and glassy adulatory eyes, which is paying court to a greyhound of the gentler sex; and a scornful and contumelious spaniel, which regards Diogenes with upturned nose.

Landseer also exhibited a fine portrait of his father, at this time, — a picture which he retained at Maida Vale, with filial reverence, until his death. During even the last half

decade of his life, the venerable John Landseer was hale and hearty, and frequently took long walks in company with William Howitt, who was his neighbor at St. John's Wood.

When Robert Vernon commissioned the master to paint a new picture for the nation, in 1847, he selected the battle-field of Waterloo as its scene. A year or two later Landseer went to Belgium, to make the necessary studies and sketches for the new work, and excited great interest among the artists of the Low Countries, who were amazed to see a painter living so luxuriously. They reported among themselves, with almost incredulous admiration, that he was always accompanied by a man-servant while sketching in the woods near Brussels, and that he was accustomed to regale himself on the best of champagne. The enormous sum of £3,600 was paid for the copyright of the new historical painting.

'The Dialogue of Waterloo' was the resulting picture, and represents the Duke of Wellington and his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro, upon the battle-field, while the old veteran describes the scenes of the conflict.

Near them is a Belgian farmer, whose face is a portrait of David Roberts, R. A.

At this time Sir Edwin was frequently received by the Royal Family, and enjoyed gratifying attentions at Windsor. He even gave a few lessons in drawing to the Queen, who admired his *bonhomie* and spirit. In the autumn of this year Sir Edwin also spent some time at Balmoral, and heard the Queen and Prince Albert express their hopes that the Royal Academy would choose Eastlake for its President. He immediately informed Leslie of the fact, by letter, and Leslie persuaded the reluctant Eastlake to be a candidate for the office, to which he was easily elected.

‘The Monarch of the Glen’ appeared in 1851, and was one of the works designed for the Refreshment Room of the House of Lords, and left on the artist’s hands by the failure of the appropriation bill. He sold the picture to Lord Londesborough for 800 guineas, and the copyright to Graves, the print-publisher, for 500 guineas. The subject is a magnificent stag, painted with wonderful skill and delicacy, and modeled with extraordinary vigor. The title of

this picture has been given by later writers, for the artist appended no other name to it than the following lines, from the "Legends of Glen-Orchay: " —

"When first the day-star's clear, cool light,
Chasing night's shadows gray,
With silver touched each rocky height
That girded wild Glen-strae,
Uprose the Monarch of the glen,
Majestic from his lair,
Surveyed the scene with piercing ken,
And snuff'd the fragrant air."

'The Midsummer Night's Dream' is a beautiful poetic invention, and one of the best of the pictures which have been made to illustrate Shakespeare. Titania is an imperial and graceful figure, not fairy-like, but full of the languor of love, and crowned with a diadem of leaves and glow-worms. She leans caressingly against the complacent Bottom, who reaches his huge paw towards her, while a troop of tricky fairies mounted on white rabbits surround the mismated lovers, full of the liveliest frolics and the abandonment of mirth. This picture was painted for the great engineer, Isambard



K. Brunel, who ordered a series of paintings of Shakespearean subjects from different artists, at 400 guineas each. 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' was afterwards sold to Earl Brownlow for nearly £3,000.

'Geneva' is a large painting of several donkeys, a bull, a mule, and other animals, which was finely engraved by Thomas Landseer. The arch and church-tower were painted in by David Roberts, R. A., the friend of Turner, and at this time also intimate with Landseer.

Sir Edwin planned the publication of a splendid book on "The Forest," for which he was to make the illustrations, while his old friend, Lord Alexander Russell, wrote the letterpress. Seven water-color drawings were made for this work, and one of them was sent to Lord Russell, at the Cape of Good Hope. At the same time the master made his drawings of 'Free Trade' and 'Protection,' the latter of which contains a portrait of Benjamin Disraeli.

Nine of Landseer's pictures were sent by their owners to the Universal Exposition at Paris, in 1853, where they called forth much

interest and discussion. Our artist was the only one of his nation to receive the great gold medal from the jury of this prodigious gathering. The decision was incomprehensible to many English connoisseurs, who believed that Mulready was better entitled to the prize, and had more chance of getting it.

The two foremost pictures of 1853 were 'Night' and 'Morning,' representing a duel of two stags and the death of both. The first is a scene of late twilight gloom, with a dim moon and flaws of rain, amid which, hard by a mountain lake, the two beasts are fighting with the utmost desperation and intensity of action, locked horn in horn. It bears the motto-verse :—

"The moon, clear witness of the fierce affray,
Her wakeful lamp held o'er that lonely place ;
Fringing with light the wild lake's fitful spray,
Whilst madly glanced the Borealis race."

The second scene is at the still hour of rosy dawn, with the bright lake slumbering among the gray hills, and the combatants lying dead on the slope, still locked together by their horns. In the air above a bird of prey is cir-

cling, and a fox creeps out of his lair in the fern, both waiting to fall upon their noble victim.

“ Locked in the close embrace of death they lay,
Those mighty heroes of the mountain side ;
Contending champions for the kingly sway,
In strength and spirit match'd they fought— and died.”

‘ The Children of the Mist ’ is a design which is not much known on this side of the Atlantic, although Sir Edwin once stated that he had received more complimentary notes about this little picture than any other he had ever painted. It was also the subject of the finest engraving that Thomas Landseer made. The composition is simple, and represents a group of deer on a wide stretch of moorland, which is covered with clouds.

When Robert Stephenson, the great engineer, was offered a service of silver plate by the London and North Western Railway Company, he suggested that a picture by Sir Edwin Landseer would be more acceptable. The artist said that that was the first time he had ever heard of a man preferring a picture to a service of plate, adding: “ He shall have a good one.”

The theme of the presentation work was 'The Twins,' to which the railway company added Clarkson Stanfield's 'Wind against Tide, Tilbury Fort.'

Sir Edwin was present when the Emperor gave the prizes at the Art Exposition of 1855 and Forster thus narrates Napoleon's reception of him: "As his old friend the great painter came up, the comical expression in his face that said plainly, 'What a devilish odd thing this is altogether, is n't it?' composed itself to gravity as he took Edwin by the hand, and said in cordial English, 'I am very glad to see you.' He stood, Landseer told us, in a recess so arranged as to produce a clear echo of every word he said, and this had a startling effect. In the evening of that day Dickens, Landseer, Boxall, Leslie, and three others dined together in the Palais Royal."

Sir Edwin once painted a picture for Jacob Bell for 100 guineas, which the latter soon afterwards sold for 2,000 guineas. Placing the latter amount in Landseer's bank, Mr. Bell narrated the circumstance, suppressing both his own name and that of the purchaser, and

adding that the seller would not keep the money, but wanted another picture painted for it. The master was so charmed with this generous act that he said: "Well, he shall have a good one." And afterwards, pressing Bell to tell him who his benefactor was, the latter exclaimed, in the words of Nathan, the Israelite: "I am the man." The picture which resulted from this incident was 'The Maid and the Magpie,' afterwards presented by Bell to the nation. The girl is a pretty Belgian dairy-maid, who is about to milk a cow, but turns to listen complacently to the impassioned words of her young lover, standing in the door-way. She has placed a silver spoon in one of the wooden shoes at her side, and a malicious magpie is stealthily carrying it away, preparing unnumbered woes for the pretty maid. The incident was taken from Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra*.

'Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale' bears witness that the master had given some of his leisure hours to the perusal of Mrs. Stowe's wonderful novel. The scene, however, is not that which its title suggests, for Uncle Tom is a sturdy dog, of humble breeding, who is

exposed at the market for sale, chained to his wife. The most pathetic part of the picture is the face of the female dog, which is turned towards her spouse with a profoundly tearful expression. The master never succeeded better in depicting the almost human intelligence of animals, as exemplified in their physiognomies.

‘Rough and Ready’ is a charming picture of a favorite mare, standing in her stable-yard, and looking, with an expression of annoyance, at a hen, who has just laid an egg, and with loud and uproarious cackles calls all the world to observe.

‘Brae-Mar’ was painted in 1857, and contains perhaps the noblest single figure which Sir Edwin ever painted, — a stately stag, standing clearly out on a misty hill-top, and bellowing defiance, his head showing the perfection of dignity and pride, while near him are several does. This picture was sold, in 1868, for 4,000 guineas.

‘The Twa Dogs’ is an illustration of Burns’s charming poem of the same name, and shows a beautiful Highland landscape, with two characteristic dogs in the foreground. The one is

reclining, with great gravity and clear-eyed dignity apparent in his face; and the other is a rough and honest Scottish tyke, less gentlemanly than his companion, but evidently better fitted for service, as his erect and alert attitude shows, and his bright, quick eye. The scene illustrates the lines:—

“Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame
Foregathered once upon a time.

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“Upon a knowe they sat them doune,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o’ the creation.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Personal Appearance. — 'The Flood.' — An Arctic Scene. — 'The Connoisseurs.' — The Colossal Lion Statues — 'The Font.' — Death and Bequests.

MR. F. S. STEPHENS has given the following pen-picture of Landseer in his fifty-eighth year: "He looked as if about to become an old man, although his years by no means justified the fact; it was not that he had lost activity or energy, or that his form had shrunk, for he moved as firmly and swiftly as ever; indeed, he was rather demonstrative in this matter, stepping on and off the platform in his studio with needless display, and his form was stout and well filled. Nevertheless, without seeming to be overworked, he did not look robust, and he had a nervous manner remarkable in so distinguished a man, one who was usually by no means unconscious of himself, and yet, to those he liked, full of kindness and genial in an unusual degree. The wide green shade which at intervals during his later years the

painter wore above his eyes, to keep the direct light from them, projected straight out from his forehead, and cast a large shadow on his rather plump, but pale, somewhat livid features, and in the shadow one saw that his eyes had suffered. The gray tweed suit, and its sober trim, a little emphatically 'quiet' as it was, marked the man ; so did his stout, not fat nor robust figure, his rapid movements, and utterances that glistened with prompt remarks, sharp, concise, kindly, yet precise, marked with quick humor, but not showing the speaker to be seeking occasions for wit, and imbued throughout with a perfect frankness ; these were characteristics of the man, such as he had always been, and, with distressing intervals of depression, such as he remained until long after."

Tyrwhitt thus gives the artist's view of the great animal-painter : "Landseer is a good naturalist and hunter ; he gets his drawing right from sheer graphic power, and the *coup d'œil* that can fix an idea of motion in his own brain ; he is a colorist from his happy out-door life of observation ; and he is poet enough to be possessed by subjects and imaginations of his own,

and those of the strongest. But all he cares for in his science is just what suits his purpose at the time. He does not want to be a master of painting, as a Venetian or Florentine might; he wants to do Lady So-and-So's terrier's back bristles exactly like bristles, and no more. He did n't care for painting, and he was n't one of us. He was much greater and healthier and better understood, I dare say, but he shirked the hard work, and he blinked the high aims. He should have believed more in his own genius, and led his patrons with him; if he had n't thought so much of shooting and staying about at big houses, he might have done them and himself immortal honor."

Landseer's life-long custom in the matter of studies was to make them on mill-boards of a generally uniform size, which also included the first thoughts for many of his pictures, designs which were afterwards modified, and bold conceptions which were never carried out in colors. After his death a great number of these mill-boards were found in the studio, showing artistic qualities of a very high order.

The hairy texture of dogs, the wool of sheep,

the plumage of birds, the glossy hides of horses, were dexterously imitated by Landseer in a close approach to the truth of nature, yet by simple and speedy means, and a thorough and disciplined knowledge of the capabilities of his brushes, and original methods of using his colors and vehicles. They seem to be intuitively perfect, and are worthy the closest examination by students of light-handed and beautiful execution. But this marvelous facility and rapidity were the fruits of many years of arduous preliminary studies, by which the artist's eye and hand had been educated to an almost intuitive accuracy.

'The Hunted Stag' is the name which the Londoners have substituted for the master's title of 'Bran will never put another Stag to bay; and Oscar will no make out by himself. The deer will do fine yet!' The picture thus christened represented a stag taking to the water after having mortally hurt one of the pursuing hounds, and driven back the other. It is a vigorously designed composition, which the painter changed after its completion by making a background of storm.

Mr. Jacob Bell, who had been for so many years Landseer's most helpful friend, had his portrait painted by the master at this time, at one painful sitting, and died not long afterwards.

'A Kind Star' illustrates the Scottish superstition that hinds are under the protection of benevolent stars, and portrays a hind dying on the shore of a lake, with a star-crowned spirit bending tenderly over it. Realistic London stood aghast before this bit of poetic fancy, and cried that the brain which for so many years had teemed with beautiful conceptions was at last showing signs of decay, and violating the canons of the Academy by encouraging absurd puerilities. The more charitable attributed this lapse to the master's deference to some weak-minded patron, or to a momentary ascendancy of a vulgar impulse.

But distressed Belgravia was greatly relieved the next year when Sir Edwin exhibited his strongest and most powerful picture, the 'Flood in the Highlands.' The scene is a humble village, invaded by a resistless torrent of water, which is sweeping away farm implements, furni-

ture, and domestic animals in wild confusion and wreck, and already surges about the thresholds of the cottages. The people have taken refuge upon the roofs, and afford several admirable groups, full of intense energy and expression, and containing all stages of existence in the valley, from the agonized and despairing woman, with her scarce-saved infant, to the half-imbecile old patriarch, the boy caressing his rescued dog, and the stalwart men vainly struggling to save their cattle and horses from the grasp of the flood. Hens, cats, dogs, hares, and other discordant animals are seen on the roofs, in truce before the imminent danger below.

‘Taming the Shrew’ is a scene in which a riding-mistress has overcome a vicious thorough-bred mare and made her lie down in the straw, the lady herself reclining fearlessly among the dreaded hoofs, with her head upon the animal’s flank. The mare is painted with exquisite skill, in her shining glossy hide, her gracefully bending neck, and her fiery eyes, for the moment subdued by a stronger will. A very saucy little lap-dog is seen playing in the

straw. Contemporary with this work was a grand triptych of stag pictures, scenes in the Marquis of Breadalbane's Highland deer-forest, containing in the centre a fatal duel between two mighty antlered deer, and on the wings stags and hinds on snowy and misty hills.

Apropos of 'The Fatal Duel' a question was raised at this time as to whether Sir Edwin was correct when he painted drops of blood on the broken brow-antlers of his stags. Frank Buckland took up the subject and studied it carefully, coming to the conclusion that it was barely possible that such an appearance might have presented itself, but very unlikely. He also convinced himself that what a white horse was to Wouvermans a bit of red was to Landseer, and states some of the curious shifts and contrivances to which he had been put to attain this touch of bright color. Most critics and men of taste have found serious fault with these dabs of vivid red which Landseer introduces in his pictures, in plaids, dog-collars, bits of meat, and other ways, always crude and irritating, and so aggressively flaming as to have given cause to Monkhouse's *bon mot*, that if a

bull should get into the National Gallery, we should quickly see the last of Landseer's pictures. A duller red, dingy and dirty, was also often employed for the carpets and table-cloths in his interiors.

'Man proposes, God disposes' is an Arctic scene, representing two huge polar bears finding the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, on a field of jagged ice, amid the greenish light and lurid shadows of the northern noon. Rosy tints fall on the peaks of ice, and inlets of black water penetrate the line of the lonely coast. Across the front is a brine-whitened boat-mast, with a bit of tarpaulin hanging over it, and a few planks below, on which are some human bones and a coat of navy blue. One of the bears crunches a whitened bone, and the other is pulling from under the mast a ragged bit of bunting, part of a Union Jack. The purchaser of this picture paid Sir Edwin £2,500.

One of the secrets of Landseer's great popularity may be found in his deference to the spirit of the age, and his readiness to reflect the taste of the period. The influence of

passing events was very strong with him, and caused his pencil to portray the life and adventures of his friends and countrymen with enthusiastic attention. In the days of Rarey and the horse-breakers, he painted 'The Taming of the Shrew,' which won all London's admiration; when the Arctic explorers were sailing northward, with England's proud and tearful eyes upon them, he delineated the Polar bears finding the Union Jack on the untrodden ice; and the days of the sham-antique revival were illustrated by the 'Bolton Abbey' and other congenial themes.

The subtlety of Dürer, the profound mystery of Leonardo, the weirdness of Blake, were alike foreign to Landseer's genius. He told his stories in color, with the utmost frankness and clearness, avoiding all involution or half-concealment, and showing forth horror and even repulsiveness altogether undisguised, when those elements were the most natural under the circumstances. To this candor he united a perfect simplicity of arrangement, without complex details or recondite allusions, and therefore all the more effective with the great

majority of observers. Many of his compositions have the directness, intensity, and plainness of Oriental parables, and reveal at a glance their full meaning and purpose.

When Mr. Bicknell's collection of pictures was sold, in 1863, a remarkable instance was seen of the appreciation of Landseer's pictures, even during his life-time. The three compositions, 'The Cat's Paw,' 'The Twa Dogs,' and 'The Prize Calf,' which Bicknell had purchased for £1,070, were sold for £5,646.

'A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrakers' is a charming little picture, portraying a bullfinch seated on a bough, with a pair of dainty little squirrels below. This design became a great favorite, both in England and America, and was furnished with a companion-picture of the 'Little Foxes,' after a painting by S. J. Carter. Mr. Huth paid Sir Edwin 1,000 guineas for 'The Piper.'

'Well-bred Sitters, that never say they are Bored' is a large painting which illustrates all the rare dexterity of the master's touch, and the scope of his insight into animal life, with the full dash and vigor of its translation. The

chief figure is an enormous black dog, sitting as if for his picture, with an air of perfect dignity and self-possession, and holding a softener-brush in his mouth. An elegant and composed fawn-colored dog is at his side ; and in the foreground are several dead doves, a pheasant, and a cigar-case of purple velvet.

‘The Connoisseurs’ was painted in 1865, and presented by Sir Edwin to the Prince of Wales. It consists of a half-length figure of the artist himself, engaged in drawing, while two very intelligent and appreciative dogs look over his shoulders, and observe the progress of the work with contemplative and critical expressions. It is a perfect triumph of Landseer’s peculiar gift of portraying the most delicate shades of animal feeling. As Monkhouse says : “The man behind his work was seen through it, — sensitive, variously gifted, manly, genial, tender-hearted, simple, and unaffected, a lover of animals and children and humanity ; and if any one wishes to see at a glance nearly all we have written, let him look at his own portrait, painted by himself ; with a canine *connoisseur* on either side.”

The portraits of Sir Edwin Landseer also in



clude two by the Count d’Orsay, executed in 1843; Dupper’s drawing, dated 1830; a photograph of 1855; and the pictures made in his earlier years, and elsewhere spoken of. He also had a marble bust executed by Baron Marochetti, which now pertains to the Royal Academy.

‘Prosperity’ and ‘Adversity’ have two horses for their subjects: the one a superb and sleek-hided bay horse, admirably formed, and with uplifted head and expanded nostrils; the other a cab-horse in an inn-yard, timidly pawing the stones with worn hoofs, and sniffing hopelessly at a heap of corn which is out of his reach. His neck has been galled to bleeding by the shabby collar, and his face bears lines of weariness and deprecation.

When Sir Charles Eastlake died, leaving vacant the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and Daniel Maclise modestly declined to be a candidate for that honorable office, a large majority of the Academicians and the friends of art begged Landseer to accept the dignity. But he refused, in the most positive manner.

Sir Edwin’s first public appearance as a

sculptor was made in 1866, when he exhibited a vigorous model of a stag at bay. It was originally designed to be cast as a silver centre-piece for the hall of the Duke of Abercorn, but proved to be too large for reproduction in the precious metal, and was cast in bronze and purchased by Mr. Eaton.

Once more the noble Northumbrian, the Earl of Tankerville, appears as Landseer's patron, in 1867, when he secured from him two large and brilliant pictures, 'Wild Cattle in Chillingham Park' and 'Deer in Chillingham Park,' which were destined for the adornment of the Earl's castle. The former is a painting of a magnificent bull, accompanied by his cow and calf, and standing among heather and rocks, "mightiest of all the beasts of chase that roam in woody Caledon."

The grandest triumph of Landseer as a sculptor is found in the colossal bronze lions which now adorn the base of the Nelson Monument, in Trafalgar Square. As early as the year 1859 the Government commissioned him to execute these works, since he knew more than any other artist of the structure and ex-

pressions of the king of beasts. Only one of the statues was modeled, the others being formed from that, by certain slight changes; and the casting was done under the supervision of Baron Marochetti.

'Rent Day in the Wilderness' was a large picture of 1868, painted for Sir Roderick Murchison, and bequeathed by him to the National Gallery of Scotland. Sir Roderick's ancestor, Col. Donald Murchison, received the stewardship of the domains of the Earl of Seaforth, after the defeat of the Stuart army at Sheriffmuir in 1715, and defended them for ten years, though confiscated to the Crown, — collecting the rents, and transmitting them to the exiled Earl. The scene is laid at Aana Mulich, at the head of Loch Affrie, in 1722.

'The Swannery invaded by Sea-Eagles' was one of Landseer's last notable works, and shows all the solidity and firmness of his youthful touch. It represents a group of swans' nests near the mouth of a mountain river, with several fierce brown eagles descending upon their graceful and almost defenseless prey, rending their white plumage with murder-

ous talons, and little recking for the heavy blows of the swans' wings and the bites of their feeble bills. Once more, in this magnificent picture, the youthful fire and ambition of the master flamed up in the late evening of his days.

'The Sick Monkey' was executed in 1870, and met with a great success among the people. Thomas Baring paid 3,000 guineas for the work, which he bequeathed to Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy of India.

'The Font' was painted in 1872, and seems to have been a prophecy of the coming end, as well in the religious solemnity of the subject as in the evident decay of the artist's physical powers. It is an exquisite sacred allegory, in which the emblematic sheep and lambs of the Gospel are gathering around an ancient font in the open fields, while doves have lighted on the edge of the basin, and a rainbow spans the distant sky. On the sides of the font are the symbols of the Atonement, and a mask of the Saviour.

'The Lion and the Lamb' was the last imaginative picture of Landseer, and is distin

guished for its naked simplicity and unsophisticated grandeur. It is an attempt to portray the realization of the ancient Hebrew prophecy of the time when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb."

The last year of the master's life was productive of four pictures: the equestrian portrait of the Queen; a picture of his own favorite dog Tracker; 'The Trickster;' and Mrs. Prickett's dog Jolly. Jolly was the last dog which Sir Edwin painted.

The closing years of Landseer's life were darkened by attacks of depression and distress, and it was sometimes feared that his reason would give way. At last, having passed the allotted limit of man's existence on earth, he was gathered to his fathers. He died on the first of October, 1873, and was honored by a splendid funeral and an interment in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The property left by Sir Edwin amounted to over £250,000, and the pictures and drawings found in the studio were sold, a few months later, for nearly £70,000. The estate was disposed of by will, in the following manner: To

his brother Charles, £10,000; to Mr. T. H. Hills, £5,000; to Mrs. Ashton, 500 guineas; to Dr. R. D. Darling, £250; to Miss Marion Lee, an annuity of £100; to his servant, William Butler, £100; to Jennie, Sir Edwin's sister, all the jewelry and other articles presented him by the Queen; and the remainder of the property (an enormous amount) to be equally divided between his brother Thomas and his three sisters.

A LIST OF THE
CHIEF PAINTINGS OF SIR EDWIN
LANDSEER,

WITH THE DATES OF THEIR EXECUTION, AND THE NAMES
OF THEIR PRESENT OWNERS.

* * * *Based on the Catalogue published by Mr. Algernon
Graves, at London, in 1877.*

The owners' names are in italics.

GREAT BRITAIN.

NATIONAL GALLERY. — *Sheepshanks Gift*, — The Two
Dogs, 1822 ; The Angler's Guard, — Mastiff and Grey-
hound, 1824 ; Sancho Panza and Dapple, 1824 ; The Dog
and the Shadow, 1826 ; The Fireside Party, 1829 ; A Jack
in Office, 1833 ; The Eagle's Nest, 1833 ; A Highland
Breakfast, 1834 ; The Naughty Boy, 1834 ; Suspense, 1834 ;
Highland Drovers' Departure, 1835 ; Comical Dogs, 1836 ;
The Shepherd's Chief Mourner, 1837 ; The Tethered
Rams, 1839 ; Young Roebuck and Rough Hounds, 1840 ;
Be it ever so humble there's no place like Home, 1842.
Vernon Gift, — High Life, 1829 ; Low Life, 1829 ; High-
land Music, 1830 ; The Mountain Torrent, 1833 ; The Cav-
alier's Pets, 1845 ; Time of Peace, 1846 ; Time of War,
1846 ; A Dialogue at Waterloo, 1850. *Bell Gift*, — The

Sleeping Bloodhound, 1835 ; Waiting (Highland Dogs), 1838 ; Dignity and Impudence, 1839 ; The Defeat of Comus, 1843 ; Shoeing, 1844 ; Alexander and Diogenes, 1848 ; The Maid and the Magpie, 1858.

Royal Academy, — The Dead Warrior, 1830.

National Portrait Gallery, — Dr. John Allen, 1841.

National Gallery of Scotland, — Rent Day in the Wilderness, 1868.

THE QUEEN. — Dash, 1835 ; Pen, Brush, and Chisel, 1836 ; Dash, Hector, Nero, and Lorie, 1838 ; Lorie, 1838 ; The Queen, 1840 ; Van Amburgh and his Animals, 1840 ; Islay, Macaw, and Love-birds, 1840 ; Lion Dog from Malta, 1840 ; Islay begging, 1842 ; Cairnach, 1842 ; The Queen and Children, 1842 ; Eos, 1842 ; Marmozettes, 1842 ; The Queen and Prince Albert, 1842 ; The Princess Royal, 1842 ; Sewa, 1842 ; Princess Victoire of Saxe-Coburg, 1842 ; Windsor Castle in the Present Time, 1843 ; The Defeat of Comus, 1843 ; Princess Alice in a Cradle when nine days old, 1843 ; Fresco at Gwyder House, 1843 ; Princess Alice with Eos, 1844 ; The Queen, in a fancy dress, 1845 ; A Drive of Deer — Glen Orchay, 1847 ; The Queen sketching at Loch Laggan, 1847 ; The Free Kirk, 1849 ; Däckel, 1849 ; Hunter and Bloodhound, 1849 ; Highland Lassie crossing the Stream, 1851 ; The Mountain Top, 1851 ; Dandie Dinmont and the Hedgehog, 1852 ; The Queen in the Highlands, 1854 ; Dear Old Boz, 1865 ; The Queen at Osborne, 1866.

The Prince of Wales, — The Connoisseurs, 1865 ; Indian Tent, Mare, and Foal, 1866.

The Duke of Edinburgh, — The Emperor Nicholas of Russia, 1842. *The Duke of Cambridge*, — Prince George's Favorites, 1835. *The Duke of Devonshire*, — The Chieftain's Friends, 1828 ; Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,

1834; Laying down the Law, 1840. *The Duke of Wellington*,—Highland Whisky Still, 1829; Van Amburgh and his Animals, 1847. *The Duke of Sutherland*,—Children of the second Duke of Sutherland, 1838. *The Duke of Bedford*,—Chevy Chase, 1826. *The Duke of Abercorn*,—Lord Cosmo Russell, 1825; Cottage Industry, 1831; Marchioness of Abercorn and Child, 1834; Children of the Marquis of Abercorn, 1836; Twelfth Night, 1836; The Marquis of Hamilton, 1841. *The Duke of Northumberland*,—The Deerstalker's Return, 1827; The Challenge, 1844. *The Duke of Leeds*,—The Godolphin Arabian, 1827. *The Duke of Athole*,—Death of the Stag in Glen Tilt, 1829. *The Duke of Beaufort*,—The Sentinel, 1840.

Marquis of Lansdowne,—Seizure of a Boar, 1821; Crossing the Bridge, 1834. *Marquis of Northampton*,—The Swannery invaded by Eagles, 1869. *Viscount Hardinge*,—Deer at Bay, 1848; Night, 1853; Morning, 1853. *Viscountess Clifden*,—The Breakfast Party, 1831.

Earl of Essex,—The Cat's Paw, 1824; The Hawk Trainer, 1840. *Earl of Tankerville*,—The Signal, 1826; The Death of the Wild Bull, 1836; Red Deer of Chillingham, 1867; Wild Cattle of Chillingham, 1867. *Earl of Powerscourt*,—Two Stags fighting, 1826; Charles Sheridan, Mrs. Sheridan, and Child, 1847. *Earl of Normanston*,—The Highland Cradle, 1831. *Earl of Malmesbury*,—Lady Fitzharris, 1838. *Earl of Ellesmere*,—The Return from Hawking, 1837. *Earl of Zetland*,—Voltigeur, 1870. *Earl Brownlow*,—Midsummer Night's Dream, 1851. *Countess of Chesterfield*,—Countess of Chesterfield, 1835.

Lord Northbrook,—The Traveled Monkey, 1827; Lord Ashburton, 1841; The Sick Monkey, 1870. *Lord de Cliford*,—Marianne, 1829; the Hon. E. S. Russell and

Brother, 1834. *Lord Henniker*, — Brunette, 1823; Fairy, 1823. *Lord W. Russell*, — The Bedford Family, 1824; Pets, 1832. *Lord A. Russell*, — Hours of Innocence, 1825. *Lord C. Russell*, — Setters, 1849. *Lord Ward*, — The Rabbit Warren, 1827. *Lord Dudley*, — Off to the Rescue, 1829; Deer Family, 1838. *Lord Fitzgerald*, — The Monarch of the Glen, 1851. *Lady Monteagle*, — Horses at the Fountain, 1840. *Lady Williams*, — Tapageur, 1821. *Lady Pringle*, — Stag at Bay, 1846. *Lady Wellesley*, — White Horse in a Stable, 1818.

Sir Robert Peel, — Beauty's Bath, 1839; The Shepherd's Prayer, 1845; Azim, 1861; Lady Emily Peel, 1872; *Sir F. Peel*, — The Deer Pass, 1852. *Sir J. H. Crewe*, — Greyhounds resting, 1823. *Sir C. H. Coote*, — The Border invaded, 1822. *Sir Richard Wallace*, — Doubtful Crumbs, 1859. *Sir George Villiers*, — The Mantilla, 1836. *Sir Francis Grant*, — Evening Scene in the Highlands, 1848. *Sir F. Crossley*, — Fallow Deer, 1838. *Sir P. de M. G. Egerton*, — The Intruder, 1819.

William Wells, — Heads of Sheep and Cattle, 1828; Ptarmigan and Roebuck, 1830; Trim, the Old Dog looks like a Picture, 1831; Highland Interior, 1831; Sir Walter Scott in Rymers Glen, 1833; Ptarmigan, 1833; Grouse, 1833; Pheasant, 1833; Blackcock and Greyhen, 1833; The Reaper, 1834; The Hawk, 1837; The Peregrine Falcon, 1837; The Wood-cutter, 1837; Deerhound and Mastiff, 1837; The Shepherd's Grave, 1837; Rabbit and Stoat, 1838; None but the Brave deserve the Fair, 1838; Otter and Salmon, 1842; Not Caught yet, 1843; Pointer, 1845; Retriever and Woodcock, 1845; Spaniel and Pheasant, 1845.

H. W. Eaton, — Sleeping Mastiff, 1817; A Favorite Hack, 1825; Horses and Dogs with a Carrot, 1827; The

Old Guid Wife, 1832 ; The Carington Children, 1833 ; Miss Blanche Egerton, 1839 ; The Sentinel, 1845 ; The Earl of Sefton and Family, 1846 ; Flood in the Highlands, 1860 ; Taming the Shrew, 1861 ; A Sin Offering, 1861 ; Hunter and Hounds, 1862 ; Lady Godiva's Prayer, 1866 ; Stag at Bay (a model), 1866 ; The Witch, 1869 ; The Lion and Lamb, 1872 ; Her Majesty the Queen, 1873 ; Tracker, 1873 ; The Trickster, 1873. *W. M. Eaton*, — A Favorite Shooting Pony, 1825 ; Lady Rachel Russell reading, 1835.

Mrs. Spencer Bell, — Brutus, 1815 ; The Paddock, 1815 ; Chestnut Horse and White Dog, 1817 ; White Terrier, 1819 ; White Terrier sleeping, 1819 ; Vixen, 1824 ; Cross of a Fox and Dog, 1824 ; Waiting for Orders, 1826 ; Maida, 1827 ; Dead Red Deer, 1830 ; Bevis, 1832 ; Otter-hounds in Water, 1843 ; Six Otter-hounds in a Kennel, 1843.

Unwin Heathcote, — Hunters and Hounds, 1823 ; Death of the Woodcock, 1823 ; The Poacher, 1825 ; Deer fallen from a Precipice, 1828 ; Deer just shot. 1829 ; A Cover Hack. 1848

T. H. Hills, — Old Chestnut Hunter, 1825 ; Monument to Eos, 1845 ; Jacob Bell, 1859 ; Pixie, 1860 ; Lady Ashburton and Child, 1862.

Wm. Adam, — A Scene at Abbotsford, 1827. *S. Adington*, — Alpine Mastiffs reanimating a Traveler, 1820. *Hon. E. Ashley*, — Viscount Melbourne, 1836. *F. Barchard*, — Refreshment, — A Scene in Belgium, 1846. *Hon. Mrs. Bathurst*, — Children with Rabbits, 1839. *Beaumonts*, — Fighting Dogs getting Wind, 1818. *Bickerstaff*, — How to get the Deer Home, 1831 ; Sir A. W. Callcott, R. A., 1833. *H. W. F. Bolckow*, — The Deerstalker's Return, 1827 ; Brae-Mar, 1857. *C. Booth*, — A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers, 1864. *J. W. Bridgman*, — John Bridgman, 1824. *Mr. Brooks*, — The Duke of Devonshire,

1832 ; Sir Walter Scott, 1832 ; The Marquis of Worcester, and Sisters, 1839. *Mr. Buckster*, — Taking a Buck, 1825. *S. Cartwright*, — Windsor Forest, 1850. *D. Chapman*, — Poacher's Bothie, 1831. *J. Chapman*, — Rat-catchers, 1821 ; Cora, 1822. *E. J. Coleman*, — Well-bred Sitters that never say they are bored, 1864 ; Man proposes, God disposes, 1864 ; Odds and Ends, 1866. *O. E. Coope*, — Highland Shepherd's Home, 1842. *W. Cox*, — Lion, 1822 ; Blaize, 1830 ; Monk proceeding to his Cell, 1833. *W. S. Crawford*, — Fairy, 1835. *W. Creyke*, — The Prowling Lion, 1822. *Mrs. Cubitt*, — Geneva, 1859. *Mr. Daubeny*, — The Bull and the Frog, 1822. *W. H. de Merle*, — Lion (a dog), 1824. *J. Duguid*, — To-ho !! 1820. *Mr. Earl*, — Persian and Greyhounds, 1837 ; Dog's Head, 1853. *J. Fenton*, — The Thistle and the Ass laden with Provisions, 1820. (*Late*) *Flatou Collection*, — Brown Mastiff sleeping, 1812 ; The Watchman, 1825 ; Lord A. Russell, 1829. *John Fowler*, — The Tired Reaper, 1824 ; Lassie herding Sheep, 1832 ; Catherine Seyton, 1833 ; The Ptarmigan Hill, 1869. *Mr. Gambart*, — A Lion enjoying his Repast, 1820 ; The Eager Terrier, 1823. *Montague Gore*, — Pincher, 1848. *Gosling Estate*, — Neptune, 1824 ; The Widow, 1825 ; Dead Stag and Deerhound, 1825. *Rev. J. Gott*, — The Rat-catchers, 1821. *Albert Grant's late Collection*, — The Otter Hunt, 1844 ; Prosperity, 1865 ; Adversity, 1865. *Mr. Grundy*, — What Next ? 1840. *Mr. Gurney*, — Heads of Horses and Mules, 1840 ; *Mrs. J. W. Harrington*, — Countess, 1834. *R. Heming*, — Chevy, 1868. *E. Herman*, — Getting a Shot, 1831. *J. Hogarth*, — A British Boar in a Field, 1814 ; Old Brutus and a Retriever, 1817. *Mr. Hooper*, — Highland Whisky Still, 1829. *R. Johnson*, — Intruding Puppies, 1821. *J. Jones*, — The Stonebreaker's Daughter, 1830 ; The Barrier, 1833. *Mr. King*, — Itinerant Players, 1813. *Mr. Leatham*, No Escape, 1822.

Mrs. McConnell, — Hawking in the Olden Time, 1832. *C. Magniac*, — Who's to have the Stick, 1834? *Mr. Meyrick*, — Fallow Deer, 1838. *Mrs. Middleton*, — Little Doggie and Looking-glass, 1859. *W. P. Miller*, — Scotch Game, 1831. *Mrs. Miller*, — Hafed, 1835. *K. R. Murchison*, — Good Doggie, 1846. *John Naylor*, — Dead Game, Swan, Peacock, etc., 1827; Harvest in the Highlands, 1833; There's Life in the Old Dog yet, 1838; Saved, 1856. *J. Nield*, — Scene in the Highlands, 1828; The King of the Forest, 1870; Lassie, 1870. *J. Noble*, — Crossing the Ice, 1832. *C. Packe*, — Favorite Pony and Spaniels, 1839. *R. T. Parker*, — The Duke of Devonshire and Lady Constance Grosvenor, 1832. *John Pender*, — The Lost Sheep, 1850; An Event in the Forest, 1864. *Mr. Permain*, — A Sleeping Dog, 1817. *Mr. Plumer*, — Dog of the Marlborough Breed, 1819. *Mr. Polak*, — White Lady of Avenel, 1830. *Hon. Mr. Ponsonby*, — Mare and Foal, 1837; Return from the Warren, 1843. *Mrs. Prickett*, — Jolly, a Dog. *R. Rawlinson*, — Bob, 1825. *James Reiss*, — The Braggart, 1819. *C. Romilly*, — Little Red Riding Hood, 1831; Actress at the Duke's, 1832. *Horatio Ross*, — Stealing a March, 1833. *W. Russell*, — Odion, 1836; The Desert, 1848. *W. W. Simpson*, — A Mule, 1815. *Charles Skipper*, — Pensioners, 1864. *Mrs. N. Smith*, — A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society, 1838. *Mr. Soames*, — Tiger and Indian Bullock, 1822. *Miss Starkey*, — The Best Run of the Season, 1851. *G. R. Stephenson*, — The Twins, 1853. *S. Taylor*, — Greyhound and Dead Hare, 1817. *F. T. Turner*, — Highland Nurses, 1856. *H. Vaughan*, — Mischief in Full Play, 1823. *Mr. Vokins*, — David Gellatley, 1829. *T. Walker*, — The Hunted Stag, 1859. *Mr. Wallis*, — Head of a Young Buck, 1830. *Mr. White*, — Dead Roe Deer, 1829.

Mr. Whitehead, — Duchess of Bedford, 1836; several drawings. *O. Williams*, — A Terrier, 1828. *Col. P. Williams*, — Jocko with a Hedgehog, 1828. *J. R. Wigram*, — Mark Hall, 1834. *L. H. Wigram*, — Hunters at Grass, 1833; Horses and Magpie, 1840. *T. Wrigley*, — The Random Shot, 1848.

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